Brown Sculp.t

Glasgow Printed for A. Macgoun Argyle Street 1790

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THE

SECOND EDITION

OF THE

# Musical Banquet

OF

## CHOICE SONGS,

CONSIDERABLY IMPROVED.

*Apollo ſtruck the Lyre, the Muſes ſung,*
*In ſtrains alternate.*

GLASGOW:

PRINTED BY NAPIER AND KHULL,

FOR *A. MACGOUN, MUSIC SELLER AND STATIONER,*

*ARGYLL-STREET,*

WHERE THE MUSIC OF THE SONGS IN THIS COLLECTION MAY BE HAD.

18
57
SEP

# TO THE PUBLIC.

*From the rapid ſale that the* FIRST EDITION *of this* BOOK *has met with—and the extenſive demands which are daily made for it, has induced the Editor to offer another* EDITION, *improved with the moſt popular* SONGS *lately publiſhed.*

THE

# MUSICAL BANQUET.

## CRAZY JANE.

[The following was written in conſequence of a Lady having in her walks, during a reſidence in the country, met a poor mad woman, known by the above appellation, at whoſe appearance the Lady was much alarmed.]

WHY, fair maid, in ev'ry feature,
Are ſuch ſigns of fear expreſs'd?
Can a wand'ring, wretched creature,
With ſuch terror fill thy breaſt?
Do my frenzied looks alarm thee?
Truſt me ſweet, thy fears are vain;
Not for kingdoms would I harm thee;
Shun not then poor crazy Jane.

Doſt thou weep to ſee my anguiſh?
Mark me, and avoid my woe;
When men flatter, ſigh, and languiſh,
Think them falſe—I found them ſo.

For I lov'd, oh ſo ſincerely!
None could ever love again!
But the youth I lov'd ſo dearly,
Stole the wits of crazy Jane.

Fondly my young heart receiv'd him,
Which was doom'd to love but one;
He ſigh'd—he vow'd—and I believ'd him,
He was falſe, and I undone.
From that hour, has reaſon never
Held her empire o'er my brain;
Henry fled—with him for ever
Fled the wits of crazy Jane.

Now forlorn and broken hearted,
And with frenzied thoughts beſet,
On that ſpot where once we parted,
On that ſpot where firſt we met,
Still I ſing my love-lorn ditty,
Still I ſlowly pace the plain;
Whilſt each paſſer-by, in pity,
Cries, "God help thee, crazy Jane."

## THE SOLDIER's RETURN.

WHEN wild war's deadly blaſt was blawn,
And gentle peace returning,
And eyes again with pleaſure beam'd,
That had been blear'd with mourning;
I left the lines, and tented field,
Where lang I'd been a lodger,
My humble knapſack a' my wealth,
A poor but honeſt Soldier.

A leal light heart beat in my breaſt,
My hand unſtain'd wi' plunder;
And for fair Scotia, hame again,
I cheery on did wander.
I thought upon the banks o' Coil,
I thought upon my Nancy,
I thought upon her witching ſmile
That caught my youthful fancy.

At length I reach'd the bonny glen,
Where early life I ſported,
I paſt the mill, and tryſting thorn,
Where Nancy aft I courted.

Wha ſpied I but mine ain dear maid
Down by her mother's dwelling!
And turn'd me round to hide the flood
That in my een was ſwelling.

Wi' alter'd voice, quoth I, ſweet laſs,
Sweet as yon hawthorn bloſſom,
O! happy, happy may he be,
That's deareſt to thy boſom.
My purſe is light, I've far to gang,
Fain wad I be thy lodger;
I've ſerv'd my King and country lang,
Take pity on a Soldier.

Sae wiſtfully ſhe gaz'd on me,
And lovelier grew than ever;
Quo' ſhe, a Soldier ance I lo'ed,
Forget him I ſhall never:
Our humble cot, and hamely fare,
Ye freely ſhall partake it,
That gallant badge, the dear cockade,
You're welcome for the ſake o't.

She gaz'd—ſhe redden'd like a roſe—
Syne pale like ony lily,
She ſank within mine arms, and cried,
Art thou mine ain dear Willie?

By him who made yon ſun and ſky,
By whom true love's regarded,
I am the man!—and thus may ſtill
True lovers be rewarded.

The wars are o'er, and I'm come hame,
And find thee ſtill true-hearted;
Tho' poor in gear, we're rich in love,
And mair, we'ſe ne'er be parted.
Quo' ſhe, my grandſire left me gowd,
A mailin' pleniſh'd fairly:
Come then, my faithful Soldier lad,
Thou'rt welcome to it dearly!

For gold the merchant ploughs the main,
The farmer ploughs the manor;
But glory is the Soldier's prize,
The Soldier's wealth is honour;
The brave poor Soldier ne'er deſpiſe,
Nor count him as a ſtranger;
Remember, he's his country's ſtay,
In day and hour of danger.

## LASH'D TO THE HELM.

IN ſtorms, when clouds obſcure the ſky,
And thunders roll and lightnings fly,
In midſt of all theſe dire alarms,
I think, my Sally, on thy charms.
The troubled main,
The wind and rain,
My ardent paſſion prove;
Laſh'd to the helm,
Shou'd ſeas o'erwhelm,
I'd think on thee my love.

When rocks appear on ev'ry ſide,
And art is vain the ſhip to guide,
In varied ſhapes when death appears,
The thoughts of thee my boſom cheers:
The troubled main,
The wind and rain,
My ardent paſſion prove;
Laſh'd to the helm,
Shou'd ſeas o'erwhelm,
I'd think on thee my love.

But ſhou'd the gracious pow'rs be kind,
Diſpel the gloom and ſtill the wind,

And waft me to thy arms once more,
Safe to my long loſt native ſhore:
No more the main
I'd tempt again,
But tender joys improve;
I then with thee
Shou'd happy be,
And think on nought but love.

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## GUDE FORGI'E ME FOR LIEIN'.

BY ROBERT BURNS.

AE day a braw wooer came doon the lang glen,
And ſair wi' his luve he did deave me,
But I ſaid, there was naithing I hated like men,
The duce tak' the lad to believe me.

A weel ſtocket mailen, himſel' o't the laird,
An' bridal aff han' was the proffer,
I never loot on, that I kend it or car'd,
But I thought I might get a waur offer.

He ſpak' o' the darts o' my bonny black een,
An' O! for my love he was diein';
I ſaid, he might die when he liket for Jean,
The gude forgi'e me for liein'.

But what do ye think, in a fortnight or leſs,
(The diel's in his taſte to gae near her)
He's down to the caſtle to black couſin Beſs,
Think now how the jade I cou'd bear her.

An' a' the nieſt ouk as I fretted wi' care,
I gade to the tryſt o' Dulgarlock;
An' wha but the bra' fickle wooer was there,
Wha glowr'd as if he'd ſeen a warlock.

Out owre my left ſhouther I gie'd him a blink,
Leſt neighbours ſhou'd think I was ſaucy;
My wooer he caper'd as he'd been in drink,
An' vow'd that I was his dear laſſie.

I ſpier'd for my couſin, fu couthie an' ſweet,
An' if ſhe'd recover'd her hearin';
An' how my auld * ſhoon, fitted her ſhachel'd feet,
Gude ſaf' us how he fell a ſwearin'.

He begg'd me for gudeſake that I'd be his wife,
Or elſe I wad kill him wi' ſorrow;
An' juſt to preſerve the poor bodie in life,
I think I will wed him to-morrow.

* An auld lover.

## JOHN ANDERSON, MY JOE.

JOHN Anderſon my joe, John, I wonder what you mean,
To riſe ſo ſoon in the morning, and ſit up ſo late at e'en,
Ye'll blear out a' your een, John, and why ſhould you do ſo,
Gang ſooner to your bed at e'en, John Anderſon, my joe.

John Anderſon, my joe, John, whan nature firſt began
To try her canny hand, John, her maſter-work was MAN;
And you amang them a' John, ſo trig frae tap to toe,
She prov'd to be nae journey-work, John Anderſon, my joe.

John Anderſon, my joe, John, ye were my firſt conceit,
And ye need na think it ſtrange, John, tho' I ca' ye trim, and neat;
Tho' ſome foke ſay ye're auld, John, I never think ye ſo,
But I think ye're ay the ſame to me, John Anderſon, my joe.

John Anderſon, my joe, John, we've ſeen our bairns bairns,
And yet my dear, John Anderſon, I'm happy in your arms,
And ſae are ye in mine, John, I'm ſure ye'll ne'er ſay no,
Tho' the days are gane that we hae ſeen, John Anderſon, my joe.

John Anderſon, my joe, John, what pleaſure does it gie,
To ſee ſae mony ſprouts, John, ſpring up 'tween you and me,
And ilka lad and laſs, John, in our footſteps to go,
Makes perfect heaven here on earth, John Anderſon, my joe.

John Anderſon, my joe, John, when we were firſt acquaint,
Your locks were like the raven, your bonny brow was brent,
But now your head's turn'd bald, John, your locks are like the ſnow,
Yet bleſſings on your froſty pow, John Anderſon, my joe.

John Anderſon, my joe, John, frae year to year we've paſt,
And ſoon that year maun come, John, will bring us to our laſt,
But let na' that affright us John, our hearts were ne'er our foe,
While in innocent delight we liv'd, John Anderſon, my joe.

John Anderſon, my joe, John, we clamb the hill thegither,
And mony a canty day, John, we've had wi' ane anither;
Now we maun totter down, John, but hand in hand we'll go,
And we'll ſleep thegither at the foot, John Anderſon, my joe.

## THE TIGHT LITTLE ISLAND.

DADDY Neptune, one day, to Freedom did ſay,
If ever I live upon dry land,
The ſpot I ſhould hit on would be little Britain:
Says Freedom, Why that's my own iſland,
Oh! what a ſnug little iſland,
A right little tight little iſland,
Search the globe round, none can be found,
So happy as this little iſland.

Julius Cæſar, the Roman, who yielded to no man,
Came by water, he couldn't come by land,
And Dane, Pict and Saxon, their homes turn'd their backs on,
And all for the ſake of our iſland;
Oh! what a ſnug little iſland,
They'd all have a touch at the iſland,
Some were ſhot dead,—ſome of them fled,
And ſome ſtay'd to live in the iſland.

Then a very great war-man, called Billy the Norman,
Cried, D—n it, I never lik'd my land;
It would be much more handy to leave this Normandy,
And live on yon beautiful iſland.
Says he, 'tis a ſnug little iſland,
Shan't us go viſit the iſland:
Hop, ſkip, and jump,—there he was plump,
And he kick'd up a duſt in the iſland.

Yet party deceit help'd the Normans to beat,
Of traitors they promis'd to buy land,
By Dane, Saxon, or Pict we ne'er had been lik'd,
Had they ſtuck to the king of the iſland;
Poor Harold the king of the iſland,
He loſt both his life and his iſland,
That's very true,—what could he do?
Like a Briton he died for his iſland.

Then the Spaniſh Armada ſet out to invade a',
Quite ſure, if they ever came nigh land,
They cou'dn't do leſs than tuck up queen Beſs,
And take their full ſwing in the iſland;

Oh the poor queen of the iſland,
The drones came to plunder the iſland.
But ſnug in her hive—the queen was alive,
And buz was the word at the iſland.

Theſe proud puff'd up cakes, thought to make ducks and drakes,
Of our wealth, but they ſcarcely could ſpy land,
E'er our Drake had the luck, to make their pride duck,
And ſtoop to the lads of the iſland;
Huzza, for the lads of the iſland;
The good wooden walls of the iſland.
Devil or don,—let 'em come on,
But how would they come off at the iſland.

I don't wonder much, that the French and the Dutch,
Have ſince been oft tempted to try land;
And I wonder much leſs, they have met no ſucceſs,
For why ſhould we give up our iſland:
Oh! 'tis a wonderful iſland,
All of 'em long for the iſland:
Hold a bit there, (let 'em)—take fire and air;
But we'll have the ſea and the iſland.

Then ſince Freedom and Neptune have hitherto kept tune,
In each ſaying, This ſhall be my land:
Should the army of England, or all they could bring land;
We'd ſhow 'em ſome play for the iſland;
We'd fight for our right to the iſland;
We'd give 'em enough of the iſland:
Frenchmen ſhould juſt,—bite at our duſt,
But not a bit more of the iſland.

## BLACK EYED SUSAN.

ALL in the Downs the fleet was moor'd,
The ſtreamers waving in the wind,
When black-ey'd Suſan came on board,
"Oh! where ſhall I my true love find?
Tell me, ye jovial ſailors, tell me true,
If my ſweet William ſails among your crew."

William, who high upon the yard,
Rock'd with the billows to and fro,
Soon as her well-known voice he heard,
He ſigh'd, and caſt his eyes below;
The cord ſlides ſwiftly thro' his glowing hands,
And, quick as lightning, on the deck he ſtands.

So the ſweet lark, high pois'd in air,
Shuts cloſe his pinions to his breaſt,
If chance his mate's ſhrill cry he hear,
And drops into her welcome neſt.
The nobleſt captain in the Britiſh fleet,
Might envy William's lips thoſe kiſſes ſweet.

O Sufan, Sufan, lovely dear,
My vows ſhall ever true remain;
Let me kiſs off that falling tear,
We only part to meet again;
Change as ye liſt, ye winds, my heart ſhall be
The faithful compaſs that ſtill points to thee.

Believe not what the landmen ſay,
Who tempt with doubts thy conſtant mind;
They'll tell thee ſailors, when away,
In every port a miſtreſs find:
Yes, yes, believe them when they tell thee ſo,
For thou art preſent whereſoe'er I go.

If to fair India's coaſt we ſail,
Thy eyes are ſeen in diamond's bright,
Thy breath's in Afric's ſpicy gale,
Thy ſkin is ivory ſo white:
Thus every beauteous object that I view,
Wakes in my ſoul ſome charms of lovely Sue.

Though battle calls me from thy arms,
Let not my pretty Sufan mourn;
Tho' cannons roar, yet ſafe from harms,
William ſhall to his dear return.
Love turns aſide the balls that round me fly,
Leſt precious tears ſhould drop from Sufan's eye.

The boatſwain gave the dreadful word,
The ſails their ſwelling boſom ſpread,
No longer muſt ſhe ſtay aboard;
They kiſs'd, ſhe ſigh'd, he hung his head.
Her leſs'ning boat unwilling rows to land:
Adieu, ſhe cries, and wav'd her lily hand.

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## KATTY FLANINGAN.

AT the dead of the night when by whiſky inſpir'd,
And pretty Katty Flaningan my ſenſes had fir'd,
I tap'd at her window, when ſhe thus began,
Oh what the devil are you at, get out you naughty man.

I gave her a look, O as ſly as thief,
Or when hungry I'd view a fine ſir-loin of beef,
My heart is red hot, ſays I, but cold is my ſkin,
So pretty miſtreſs Flaningan, O won't you let me in.

She open'd the door, I ſat down by the fire,
And ſoon was reliev'd from the wet, cold and mire;
And pleas'd her ſo mightily, that e'er it was day,
I ſtole poor Katty's tender heart, and ſo trip'd away.

## THE FRIEND AND PITCHER.

THE wealthy fool with gold in ſtore,
Will ſtill deſire to grow the richer,
Give me but theſe, I aſk no more,
My charming girl my friend and pitcher.
My friend ſo rare, my girl ſo fair,
With ſuch, what mortal can be richer,
Give me but theſe, a fig for care,
With my ſweet girl, my friend and pitcher.

From morning ſun I'd never grieve
To toil a hedger or a ditcher,
If that when I come home at eve,
I might enjoy my friend and pitcher.
My friend ſo rare, &c.

Tho' Fortune ever ſhuns my door,
I know not what can ſo bewitch her,
With all my heart, can I be poor,
With my ſweet girl, my friend and pitcher.
My friend ſo rare, my girl ſo fair,
With ſuch what mortal can be richer,
Give me but theſe, a fig for care,
With my ſweet girl, my friend and pitcher.

## ON A BANK OF FLOWERS.

BY R. BURNS.

ON a bank of flowers one ſummer's day;
For ſummer's lightly dreſs'd,
The youthful blooming Nelly lay,
With love and ſleep oppreſs'd.
When Willy wand'ring thro' the wood,
Who for her favour oft had ſu'd,
He gaz'd, he wiſh'd, he fear'd, he bluſh'd,
And trembl'd when he ſtood.

Her cloſed eyes, like weapon's ſheath'd,
Were ſeal'd in ſoft repoſe,
Her lips ſtill as the fragrant breath'd,
It richer dy'd the roſe.
The ſpringing lillies ſweetly preſs'd,
Wild wanton kiſs'd her rival breaſt;
He gaz'd, he wiſh'd, he fear'd, he bluſh'd,
His boſom ill at reſt.

Her robes light waving in the breeze,
Her tender limbs embrace,
Her lovely form, her native eaſe,
All harmony and grace.

Tumultuous tides his pulſes roll,
A flatt'ring ardent kiſs he ſtole:
He gaz'd, he wiſh'd, he fear'd, he bluſh'd,
And ſigh'd his very ſoul.

As flies the partridge from the brake,
On fear inſpired wings;
So Nelly ſtartling half awake,
Away affrighted ſprings.
But Willy follow'd as he ſhould,
He overtook her in the wood,
He vow'd, he pray'd, he found the maid
Forgiving all and good.

## THE POOR LITTLE GIPSY.

A POOR little gipſy I wander forlorn;
My fortune was told long before I was born,
So fortunes I tell as forſaken I ſtray,
And in ſearch of my love I am loſt on my way;
Spare a halfpenny, ſpare a halfpenny,
Spare a poor little gipſy, a gipſy a halfpenny,
Spare a poor little gipſy a halfpenny.

I fear from this line you have been a ſad man,
And to harm us poor girls have form'd many a plan;
Beware leſt repentance too late cauſe you pain,
And attend to the leſſon I give in my ſtrain.
Spare a halfpenny, &c.

Thro' wilds and thro' foreſts as wearied I roam,
Long abſent from friends, from parents and home,
Tho' ſad is my heart and tho' ſore are my feet,
Yet I ſing on my way thus to all that I meet,
Spare a halfpenny, &c.

## COME BUY MY EARTHEN WARE.

COME buy, come buy my earthen ware,
Form'd by the potter's ſkill,
The yielding clay his hands prepare,
And faſhion to his will:
No flaw is found, they all ring ſound,
Ding, dong, like bells ſo clear,
Then cheerily, cheerily, flock to me,
And buy my earthen ware,
Buy my earthen ware,
O, buy my earthen ware,
Then cheerily, cheerily, flock to me,
And buy my earthen ware.

Here's Toby's jug for toping fam'd,
Well fill'd 'twill make you gay,
For as 'tis quaff'd the lover's nam'd,
That animates your clay.
No flaw is found, they all ring found,
Ding, dong, like bells so clear, &c.

## MY NATIVE LAND I BADE ADIEU.

MY native land I bade adieu,
And calmly friendship's joys resign'd;
But ah how keen my sorrows grew,
When my true love I left behind.

Yet should her truth feel no decay,
Should absence prove my charmer kind;
Then shall not I lament the day,
When my true love I left behind.

My native land I bade adieu,
And calmly friendship's joys resign'd;
But ah how keen my sorrows grew,
When my true love was left behind.

## MOUNSEER NONG TON PAW.

JOHN Bull for paſtime took a prance,
Some time ago to peep at France,
To talk of ſciences and arts,
And knowledge gain'd in foreign parts,
Monſieur obſequious heard him ſpeak,
And anſwer'd John in heathen Greek,
To all he aſk'd, 'bout all he ſaw,
'Twas Monſieur Je vous n'en'tends pas.

John to the palais royal come,
Its ſplendor almoſt ſtruck him dumb;
I ſay whoſe houſe is that there here?
Hoſſe! Je vous n'en'tends pas, Monſieur.
What, Nong tong paw again cries John!
This fellow is ſome mighty don!
No doubt has plenty for the maw,
I'll breakfaſt with this Nong tong paw.

John ſaw Verſailles from Marli's height,
And cried, aſtoniſh'd at the ſight,
Whoſe fine eſtate is that there here?
Stat! Je vous n'en'tends pas, Monſieur;
His! what the land and houſes too!
The fellow's richer than a Jew;

On every thing he lays his claw,
I'd like to dine with Nong tong paw.

Next tripping came a courtly fair;
John cry'd, enchanted with her air,
What lovely wench is that there here?
Vench! Je vous n'en'tends pas Monſieur.
What he again? upon my life,
A palace, lands, and then a wife,
Sir Joſhua might delight to draw,
I'd like to ſup with Nong tong paw.

But hold! whoſe funeral's that? cries John;
Je vous n'en'tends pas,—what is he gone?
Wealth, fame, and beauty could not ſave,
Poor Nong tong paw, then from the grave,
His race is run, his game is up,
I'd with him breakfaſt, dine and ſup;
But ſince he chuſes to withdraw,
Good night t'ye Mounſeer Nong tong paw.

## A GLASS IS GOOD, AND A LASS IS GOOD.

A GLASS is good, and a laſs is good,
And a pipe to ſmoak in cold weather,
The world is good, and the people are good,
And we're all good fellows together:

A bottle is a very good thing,
With a good deal of wine in it;
A ſong is good when a body can ſing,
And to finiſh we muſt begin it.
For a glaſs is good, and a laſs is good,
And a pipe to ſmoak in cold weather;
The world is good, and the people are good,
And we're all good fellows together.

A friend is good, when you're out of good luck,
For that is the time to try him:
For a juſtice good, the haunch of a buck,
With ſuch a good preſent you'll buy him:
A fine old woman is good when ſhe's dead;
A rogue very good for good hanging;
A fool is good by the noſe to be led,
My good ſong deſerves a good banging.
For a glaſs is good, &c.

## BLEAK WAS THE MORN.

Bleak was the morn when William left his Nancy,
The fleecy ſnow frown'd on the whit'ned ſhore,
Cold as the fears that chill'd her dreary fancy,
While ſhe her ſailor from her boſom tore,

To his fill'd heart a little Nancy preſſing,
While a young tar, the ample trowſers ey'd,
In need of firmneſs in this ſtate diſtreſſing,
Will check'd the riſing ſigh and fondly cry'd,
Ne'er let the perils of the fickle ocean;
Sorrows all a notion,
Grief all in vain,
Sweet love take heart,
For we but part,
In joy to meet again.

Loud blew the wind, when leaning on that willow,
Where the dear name of William printed ſtood,
When Nancy ſaw, upon a faithleſs billow,
A ſhip daſh'd 'gainſt a rock that topp'd the flood,
Her tender heart with frantic ſorrow thrilling,
Wild as the ſtorm that howl'd along the ſhore,
No longer could reſiſt a ſtroke ſo killing,
'Tis he! ſhe cry'd, nor ſhall I ſee him more!
Why did he ever truſt the fickle ocean?
Sorrow's my portion,
Miſery and pain,
Break my poor heart,
For now we part,
Never to meet again.

Mild was the eve, all nature was ſmiling,
Four tedious years had Nancy paſs'd in grief,
When with her children, the ſad hours beguiling,
She ſaw her William fly to her relief.
Sunk in his arms with bliſs he quickly found her,
But ſoon return'd to life, to love and joy,
While her grown young ones anxiouſly ſurround her,
And now Will claſps his girl and now his boy,
Did I not ſay, though 'tis a fickle ocean,
Sorrow's all a notion,
Grief all in vain,
My joy how ſweet,
For now we meet,
Never to part again.

---

## THE SOLDIER'S ADIEU.

ADIEU!, adieu! my only life,
My honour calls me from thee!
Remember thou'rt a Soldier's wife,
Thoſe tears but ill become thee.
What though by duty I am call'd
Where thund'ring cannons rattle,
Where valour's ſelf might ſtand appal'd,
When on the wings of thy dear love,

To heav'n above
Thy fervent oriſons are flown;
The tender pray'r
Thou put'ſt up there,
Shall call a guardian angel down,
To watch me in the battle.

My ſafety thy fair truth ſhall be,
As ſword and buckler ſerving;
My life ſhall be more dear to me,
Becauſe of thy preſerving.
Let peril come, let horror threat,
Let thund'ring cannons rattle,
I fearleſs ſeek the conflict's heat,
Aſſur'd, when on the wings of love,
To heav'n above, &c.

Enough! with that benignant ſmile,
Some kindred god inſpir'd thee,
Who ſaw thy boſom void of guile,
Who wonder'd and admir'd thee.
I go, aſſur'd, my life, adieu!
Tho' thund'ring cannons rattle;
Tho' murd'ring carnage ſtalk in view,
When on the wings of thy true love,
To heaven above, &c.

## O! I HAE SEEN THE ROSES BLAW.

O! I hae ſeen the roſes blaw,
The heather bloom, the broom an a',
The lily ſpring as white as ſnaw,
  Wi' a' their native ſplendor:
Yet Mary's ſweeter on the green,
As freſh an' fair as Flora queen,
Mair ſtately than the branching bean,
  And like the ivy ſlender.
In nature like a ſummer day,
Tranſcendent as a ſunny ray,
Her ſhape and air is frank an' gay,
  Wi' a' that's ſweet an' tender.

While lavrocks ſing their cheerfu' lays,
An' ſhepherds bruſh the dewy braes,
To meet wi' Mary's bonny face,
  Amang the ſhades I wander.
My captive breaſt, (by fancy led)
Adores the ſweet the lovely maid,
Wi' ilka ſmile and charm array'd,
  To make a heart ſurrender.
I love her mair than bees do flow'rs,
Or birks the ſpreading leafy bow'rs;
Her preſence yields me what the ſhow'rs,
  To hills and valleys render.

Cou'd I obtain my charmer's love,
Mair ſtable than a rock I'd prove;
Wi' a' the meekneſs of a dove,
To ilka pleaſure hand her:
If ſhe wad like a ſhepherd lad,
I'd change my cane for crook an' plaid,
Upon the hill tune up the reed,
An' wi' a ſang commend her.
For her I'd live a life remote;
Wi' her I'd love a ruſtic cot,
There bleſs kind fortune for my lot,
And ilka comfort lend her.

## MEG OF WAPPING.

'TWAS landlady Meg, that made ſuch rare flip;
Pull away, pull away, hearties;
At Wapping ſhe liv'd, at the ſign of the ſhip,
Where tars met in ſuch jolly parties.
She'd ſhine at the play, and ſhe'd jig at the ball,
All rigg'd out ſo gay and ſo topping;
For ſhe marry'd ſix huſband's and bury'd them all,
Pull away, pull away, pull out, I ſay;
What d'ye think of my Meg of Wapping?

The firſt was old Bluff, with a ſwinging purſe:
Pull away, pull away, jolly boys,
He was caſt away; ſays Meg, who cares a curſe!
As for grieving, why, lud, that's a folly, boys:
The ſecond in command was blear-ey'd Ned,
While the ſurgeon his limb was a lopping,
A nine pounder came, and ſmack'd off his head,
Pull away, pull away, pull away, I ſay;
Rare news for my Meg of Wapping.

Then ſhe marry'd to Sam, and Sam lov'd a ſup,
Pull away, pull away, brother;
So groggy Sam got, and the ſhip it blew up,
And Meg had to look for another.
The fourth was bold Ben, who at danger wou'd ſmile,
Till his courage a crocodile ſtopping,
Made his breakfaſt on Ben, on the banks of the Nile;
Pull away, pull away, pull away, I ſay,
What a fortunate Meg of Wapping!

Stay, who was the fifth? oh, 'twas Dick ſo neat;
Pull away, pull away, ſo merry!
And the ſavages, Dick, both kill'd and eat,
And poor Meg ſhe was forc'd to take Jerry:
Death again ſtood her friend, for kill'd in a fray,
He alſo the grave chanc'd to pop in;

So now with my ſong I ſhall ſoon do away,
Pull away, pull away, pull away, belay,
The ſix huſbands of Meg of Wapping.

But I did not tell you how ſhe marry'd ſeven;
Pull away, pull away, ſo neatly!
'Twas honeſt Tom Trip, and he ſent her to heaven,
And her ſtrong box he rummaged ſweetly:
For Meg growing old, a fond dotard ſhe prov'd;
And muſt after a boy needs be hopping;
So ſhe popp'd off, and Tom, with the girl he lov'd,
Pull away, pull away, pull away, I ſay,
Spent the ſhiners of old Meg of Wapping.

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## OLD TOWLER.

BRIGHT Chanticleer proclaims the dawn,
And ſpangles deck the thorn;
The lowing herd now quits the lawn,
The lark ſprings from the corn:
Dogs, huntſmen, round the window throng,
Fleet Towler leads the cry;
Ariſe the burden of their ſong,
This day a ſtag muſt die.
With a hey ho chivy,
Hark forward, hark forward, tantivy, &c.

The cordial takes its merry round,
The laugh and joke prevail,
The huntſman blows a jovial ſound;
The dogs ſnuff up the gale:
The upland winds they ſweep along,
O'er fields through brakes they fly;
The game is rous'd, too true the ſong,
This day a ſtag muſt die,
With a hey ho chivy,
Hark forward, tantivy, &c.

Poor ſtag the dogs thy haunches gore,
The tears run down thy face;
The huntſman's pleaſure is no more,
His joys were in the chace,
Alike the ſportſmen of the town,
The virgin game in view;
Are full content to run them down,
Then they in turn purſue.
With their hey ho chivy,
Hark forward, tantivy, &c.

## LILIES OF THE VALLEY.

O'ER barren hills and flow'ry dales,
O'er ſeas and diſtant ſhores,
With merry ſong and jocund tales,
I've paſs'd ſome pleaſant hours:
Tho' wand'ring thus, I near could find,
A girl like blitheſome Sally,
Who picks and culls and cries aloud,
"Sweet lilies of the valley."

From whiſt'ling o'er the harrow'd turf,
From neſting in each tree,
I choſe a ſoldier's life to wed,
So ſocial gay and free;
Yet though the laſſies love a ſoldier,
And often try to rally,
None pleaſes me like her that cries,
"Sweet lilies of the valley."

I'm now return'd, (of late diſcharg'd)
To uſe my native toil,
From fighting in my country's cauſe,
To plough my country's ſoil,
I care not which, with either pleas'd,
So I poſſeſs my Sally,
The little merry nymph that cries,
"Sweet lilies of the valley."

## THE LASS THAT MADE THE BED TO ME.

BY R. BURNS.

WHEN January winds were blawing cauld,
As to the north I bent my way,
The darkſome night did me enfauld,
I kend na where to lodge till day;
By my good luck a laſs I met,
Juſt in the middle of my care,
And kindly ſhe did me invite,
To walk into a chamber fair.

I bow'd fu' low unto her grace,
And thank'd her for her courteſie;
I bow'd fu' low unto this maid,
And bade her mak' a bed for me:
She made the bed both large and wide,
Wi' twa white hands ſhe ſpread it down;
She put the cup to her roſy lips,
And drank, "Young man now ſleep ye ſound."

She ſnatch'd the candle in her hand,
And frae my chamber went wi' ſpeed;
But I call'd her quickly back again,
To lay ſome mair below my head:

A cod ſhe laid below my head,
And ſerved me wi' due reſpect;
And to ſalute her wi' a kiſs,
I put my arms about her neck.

Haud aff your hands young man, ſhe ſays,
And dinna ſae uncivil be;
Gif ye hae ony luve for me,
O wrang na my virginity!
Her hair was like the links o' gowd,
Her teeth were like the ivory,
Her cheeks like lilies dipt in wine,
The laſs that made the bed to me.

Her boſom was the driven ſnaw,
Twa drifted heaps ſae fair to ſee,
Her limbs the poliſh'd marble ſtane
The laſs that made the bed to me:
I kiſs'd her o'er and o'er again,
And ay ſhe wiſt na what to ſay;
I laid her 'tween me and the wa',
The laſſie thought na lang till day.

Upon the morrow when we raiſe,
I thank'd her for her courteſie;
But ay ſhe bluſh'd, and ay ſhe ſigh'd,
And ſaid, "Alas! ye've ruin'd me."

I claſp'd her waiſt and kiſs'd her ſyne,
While the tear ſtood twinklin' in her e'e;
I ſaid, my laſſie dinna cry,
For ye ay ſhall mak' the bed to me.

She took her mither's holland ſheets,
And made them a' in ſarks to me;
Blythe and merry may ſhe be,
The laſs that made the bed to me;
The bonnie laſs made the bed to me,
The braw laſs made the bed to me,
I'll ne'er forget till the day that I die,
The laſs that made the bed to me.

## MY NANNIE, O.

BY R. BURNS.

BEHIND yon hills where Stinchar flows,
'Mang moors an moſſes many, O;
The wintry ſun the day has clos'd,
An' I'll away to Nannie, O:
The weſtlin wind blaws loud an' ſhrill,
The night's baith mirk and rainy, O;
But I'll get my plaid an' out I'll ſteal,
An' owre the hill to Nannie, O,

My Nannie's charming, ſweet an' young,
Nae artfu' wiles to win ye, O;
May ill befa' the flatt'ring tongue,
That wad beguile my Nannie, O:
Her face is fair, her heart is true,
As ſpotleſs as ſhe's bonnie, O;
The op'ning gowan, wat wi' dew,
Nae purer is than Nannie, O.

A country lad is my degree,
And few there be that ken me, O;
But what care I how few they be,
I'm welcome ay to Nannie, O:
My riches a's my penny fee,
And I maun guide it cannie, O;
But warl's gear ne'er troubles me,
My thoughts are a', my Nannie, O.

Our auld guidman delights to view
His ſheep an' kye thrive bonnie, O;
But I'm as blythe that hauds his pleugh,
An' has na care but Nannie, O;
Come weel, come woe, I care na by,
I'll tak' what heav'n will ſen' me, O;
Nae ither care in life have I,
But live, and love my Nannie, O.

## BEGONE DULL CARE.

BEGONE dull care, I prithee begone from me,
Begone dull care, you and I can never agree:
Long time thou haſt been tarrying here,
And fain thou wouldſt me kill,
But i'faith dull care thou never ſhalt have thy will.

Too much care will make a young man grey,
And too much care will turn an old man to clay;
My wife ſhall dance and I will ſing,
So merrily paſs the day,
For I hold it one of the wiſeſt things,
To drive dull care away.

## BEN BACKSTAY.

Ben Backstay lov'd the gentle Anna,
Conſtant as purity was ſhe;
Her honey words like ſucc'ring manna,
Cheer'd him each voyage he made to ſea.
One fatal morning ſaw them parting,
While each the others ſorrow dry'd,
They by the tear that then was ſtarting,
Vow'd they'd be conſtant 'till they dy'd.

At diſtance from his Anna's beauty,
While roaring winds the ſea deform,
Ben ſings, and well performs his duty,
And braves for love the frightful ſtorm.
Alas in vain the veſſel batter'd,
On a rock ſplitting open'd wide;
While lacerated, torn, and ſhatter'd;
Ben thought of Anna, ſigh'd, and dy'd.

The ſemblance of each lovely feature,
That Ben had worn around his neck,
Where art ſtood ſubſtitute for nature,
A tar, his friend, ſav'd from the wreck.
In fervent hope, while Anna, burning,
Bluſh'd as ſhe wiſh'd to be a bride;
The portrait came, joy turn'd to mourning,
She ſaw, grew pale, ſunk down, and dy'd.

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## GIN A BODY MEET A BODY.

ORIGINAL.

COMIN through the rye, poor body,
Comin through the rye,
She draigl't a' her petticotie,
Comin through the rye.

Oh Jenny's a' weet, poor body,
Jeanie's ſeldom dry,
She drigl't a' her petticotie,
Comin through the rye.

Gin a body meet a body,
Comin through the rye,
Gin a body kiſs a body,
Need a body cry.
Oh Jenny's a' weet, &c.

Gin a body meet a body,
Comin through the glen;
Gin a body kiſs a body,
Need the warld ken!
Oh Jenny's a' weet, &c.

Kiſſin is the key o' love,
And clappin is the lock,
And makin o's the beſt thing
That e'er a young thing got.
Oh Jenny's a' weet, &c.

---

MODERN.

Gin a body meet a body,
Comin through the rye,
Gin a body kiſs a body,
Need a body cry.

Ilka body has a body,
Ne'er a ane hae I;
But a' the lads they loe me weel,
And what the war am I.

Gin a body meet a body,
Comin frae the well;
Gin a body kiſs a body,
Need a body tell.

Ilka body has a body,
Ne'er a ane hae I,
But a' the lads they loe me weel,
And what the war am I.

Gin a body meet a body,
Comin frae the town;
Gin a body kiſs a body,
Need a body gloom.

Ilka Jenny has her Jockey,
Ne'er a ane hae I,
But a' the lads they loe me weel,
And what the war am I.

## COME UNDER MY PLAIDY.

" COME under my plaidy, the night's gaun to fa';
" Come in frae the cauld blaſt, the drift, and the ſnaw;
" Come under my plaidy, and lie down beſide me;
" There's room in't, dear laſſie! believe me, for twa.

" Come under my plaidy, and lie down beſide me,
" I'll hap ye frae ev'ry cauld blaſt that will blaw:
" O come under my plaidy, and lie down beſide me,
" There's room in't dear laſſie! believe me, for twa."

' Gae 'wa wi' your plaidy! auld Donald, gae 'wa!
' I fear na' the cauld blaſt, the drift, nor the ſna':
' Gae 'wa wi' your plaidy! I'll no lie beſide ye;
' Ye might be my gutchard; auld Donald, gae 'wa!

' I'm gaun to meet Johnny, he's young and he's bonny;
' He's been at Meg's bridal, fou trig and fou braw!
' O there's nane dance ſae lightly, ſae graceſu', ſae tightly,
' His cheeks are like roſes, his brow's like the ſnaw.'

" Dear MARION let that flee ſtick faſt to the wa';
" Your Jock's but a gowk, and has naething ava';
" The hale o' his pack, he has now on his back;
" He's *thretty*, and I'm but *threeſcore and twa!*

" Be frank now and kindly: I'll buſk you ay finely;
" At kirk or at market they'll nane gang ſae bra',
" A bein houſe to bide in, a chaiſe for to ride in,
" And ſlunkies to tend ye as faſt as ye ca',"

'My father ay tell'd me, my mither and a',
'Ye'd mak' a gude huſband, and me keep ay braw';
'It's true I lo'e Johnny, he's gude and he's bonny,
'But waes me! I ken he has *naething ava!*

'I hae little tocher; you've made a gude offer;
'I'm now mair than *twenty;* my time is but ſma'!
'Sae gi'e me your plaidy; I'll creep in beſide ye,
'I thought ye'd been aulder than *threeſcore and twa!*'

She crap in ayont him, beſide the ſtane wa',
Whar Johnny was liſt'ning, and heard her tell a'!
The *day* was appointed, his proud heart it dunted,
And ſtrack 'gainſt his ſide as if burſting in twa.

He wander'd hame weary, the night it was dreary!
And thowleſs, he tint his gate deep 'mang the ſna';
The howlet was ſcreaming, while Johnny cried, "*Women*
Wad marry the devil, wad he keep them bra'."

O the deel's in the laſſies! ſae fond to gang bra',
They'll lie down wi' auld men o' FOUR-SCORE and TWA;
The hale o' this marriage is gowd and a *carriage!*
Plain LUVE is the cauldeſt blaſt now that can bla'!

Yet dotards be wary, tak' tent wha ye marry;
*Young wives* in their coaches will whip and will ca';
Till they meet wi' ſome Johnny, that's youthfu' and bonny,
And he'll gi'e ye horns on ilk haffit to claw!

## THE HEAVING OF THE LEAD.

FOR England, when, with fav'ring gale,
Our gallant ſhip up channel ſteer'd,—
And, ſcudding under eaſy ſail,
The high blue weſtern land appear'd;
To heave the lead the ſeaman ſprung,
And to the *Pilot* cheerly ſung,
"*By the deep*—NINE!"

And, bearing up—to gain the port,
Some well-known object kept in view;
An Abbey-tow'r, an Harbour-fort,
Or Beacon, to the veſſel true:
While oft the lead the ſeaman flung,
And to the *Pilot* cheerly ſung,
"*By the Mark*—SEVEN!"

And, as the much lov'd ſhore we near—
With tranſport we beheld the roof,
Where dwelt a friend, or partner dear,
Of faith and love a matchleſs proof!
The lead once more the ſeaman flung,
And to the watchful *Pilot* ſung,
"*Quarter-leſs*—FIVE!"

Now to her berth the ſhip draws nigh,
We take in ſail—ſhe feels the tide;
"Stand clear the cable"—is the cry,
The anchor's gone, we ſafely ride.
The watch is ſet, and through the night,
We hear the ſeamen with delight,
*Proclaim*—"ALL'S WELL!"

## SONG IN THE FARMER.

Ere around the huge oak that o'erſhadows yon mill,
The fond ivy had dar'd to entwine,
Ere the church was a ruin, that nods on the hill,
Or a rook built his neſt on the pine;

Could I trace back the time, a far diſtant date,
Since my forefathers toil'd in this field;
And the farm I now hold on your honour's eſtate,
Is the ſame that my grandfather till'd.

He dying, bequeath'd to his ſon a good name,
Which, unſullied, deſcended to me;
For my child I've preſerv'd it, unblemiſh'd with ſhame,
And it ſtill from a ſpot ſhall be free.

## MISS FORBES' FAREWELL TO BANFF.

FAREWELL ye fields an' meadows green,
The bleſt retreats of peace an' love,
Aft have I ſilent ſtol'n from hence,
With my young ſwain, a while to rove.
Sweet was our walk, mair ſweet our talk,
Amang the beauties of the ſpring,
And aft we'd lean us on a bank,
To hear the feather'd warblers ſing.

The azure ſky, the hills around,
Gave double beauty to the ſcene,
The lofty ſpires of Banff in view,
On every ſide the waving grain.
The tales of love my Jamie told,
In ſuch a ſaft an' moving ſtrain,
Hath ſo engag'd my tender heart,
I'm loth to leave the place again.

But if the fates will be ſae kind,
As favour my return once more,
For to enjoy the peace o' mind,
In thoſe retreats I had before.
But farewell Banff! the nimble ſteeds,
Doth bear me hence, I muſt away,
Yet time perhaps may bring me back,
To part nae mair from ſcenes ſo gay.

## A MAN'S A MAN FOR A' THAT.

BY R. BURNS.

IS there for honeſt poverty,
  Wha hangs his head and a' that,
The coward ſlave we paſs him by,
  And dare be poor for a' that.
For a' that, and a' that,
  Our toils obſcure and a' that,
The rank is but the guinea-ſtamp,
  The man's the goud for a' that.

What though on hamely fare we dine,
  Wear hodden gray, and a' that:
Gie fools their ſilk, and knaves their wine,
  A man's a man for a' that.
For a' that, and a' that,
  Their tinſel ſhew, and a' that;
An honeſt man, though ne'er ſae poor,
  Is chief o' men for a' that.

Ye ſee yon birkie, ca'd a lord,
  Wha ſtruts, and ſtares, and a' that,
Though hundreds worſhip at his word,
  He's but a cuif for a' that.

For a' that, and a' that,
His ribband, ſtar, and a' that;
A man of independent mind,
Can look, and laugh at a' that.

The king can mak' a belted knight,
A marquis, duke, and a' that,
But an honeſt man's aboon his might,
Guid-faith he manna fa' that!
For a' that, and a' that,
His dignities, and a' that;
The pith o' ſenſe, and pride o' worth,
Are grander far than a' that;

Then let us pray, that come it may,
As come it ſhall, for a' that;
That ſenſe and worth, o'er a' the earth,
Shall bear the gree, and a' that;
For a' that, and a' that,
It's coming yet, for a' that;
Whan man and man, the world o'er,
Shall brothers be, and a' that.

## ROSLIN RUINS.

AT dead of night, the hour when courts
Thro' the wild maze of pleaſure rove,
And Mira joins th' inſnaring ſports,
While art aſſumes the voice of love;
To Roſlin's ruins I repair,
A ſolitary wretch forlorn,
To mourn unſeen, unpitied there
My hapleſs love, her cruel ſcorn.

No ſound of joy diſturbs my ſtrain,
No hind is whiſtling on the hill;
No herdſman winding o'er the plain,
No maiden ſinging by the rill.
Eſk, murm'ring thro' the darkſome pines,
Reflects the moon's uncertain beams;
While through the clouds ſhe faintly ſhines,
In Fancy's eye the pale ghoſt gleams.

Not ſo the night, that in thy halls
Once, Roſlin! danc'd in joy along;
The owl now ſcreams within thy walls,
That echoed mirth's inſpiring ſong.
Where bats now flit on duſky wings,
Th' empurpled feaſt was wont to flow;
And beauty danc'd in graceful rings,
Where now the dank weeds baleful grow.

What now avails how great! how gay!
How fair! how fine, their matchleſs dames;
Here ſleeps their undiſtinguiſh'd clay;
The ſtone effac'd, has loſt their names.
And yon gay crowds muſt ſoon expire,
Unknown, unprais'd, their fair one's name;
Not ſo the charms that verſe inſpire,
Increaſing years increaſe their fame.

## THE NEGLECTED TAR.

I Sing the Britiſh ſeamens praiſe;
A theme renown'd in ſtory;
It well deſerves more poliſh'd lays;
Oh! 'tis your boaſt and glory.
When mad-brain'd war ſpreads death around,
By them you are protected;
But when in peace the nation's found,
Theſe bulwarks are neglected.

CHORUS.

Then, oh! protect the hardy tar;
Be mindful of his merit;
And when again you'r plung'd in war,
He'll ſhew his daring ſpirit.

When thickeſt darkneſs covers all,
Far on the trackleſs ocean;
When lightnings dart—when thunders roll,
And all is wild commotion;
When o'er the bark the white top'd waves,
With boiſt'rous ſweep are rolling,
Yet cooly ſtill the whole he braves,
Untam'd amidſt the howling.
Then, oh! protect, &c.

When deep immers'd in ſulphurous ſmoke,
He feels a glowing pleaſure;
He loads his gun—he cracks his joke,
Elated beyond meaſure.
Tho' fore and aft the blood ſtain'd deck
Should lifeleſs trunks appear;
Or ſhould the veſſel float a wreck,
The ſailor knows no fear.
Then, oh! protect, &c.

When long becalm'd, on ſouthern brine,
Where ſcorching beams aſſail him;
When all the canvas hangs ſupine,
And food and water fail him;

Then oft he dreams of Britain's ſhore,
Where plenty ſtill is reigning;
They call the watch—his rapture's o'er,
He ſighs—but ſcorns complaining.
Then, oh! protect, &c.

Or burning on that noxious coaſt,
Where death ſo oft befriends him;
Or pinch'd by hoary Greenland froſt,
True courage ſtill attends him:
No clime can this eradicate;
He glories in annoyance;
He fearleſs braves the ſtorms of fate,
And bids grim death defiance.
Then, oh! protect, &c.

Why ſhould the man who knows no fear,
In peace be then neglected?
Behold him move along the pier,
Pale, meagre, and dejected!
Behold him begging for employ!
Behold him diſregarded!
Then view the anguiſh in his eye
And ſay, are tars rewarded?
Then, oh! protect, &c.

To them your dearest rights you owe;
In peace then would you starve them?
What say ye Britain's sons?—oh! no!
Protect them and preserve them.
Shield them from poverty and pain,
'Tis policy to do it;
Or when grim war shall come again,
Oh, Britons, ye may rue it!
Then, oh! protect, &c.

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## GROUND IVY.

NEAR yonder hamlet in the vale,
In peace my father's bones are laid,
Ah! listen to my artless tale,
For I am poor and need your aid.
Misfortune's lorn and helpless child,
I early to yon meadows fly,
And there I gather boughpots wild,
And through the streets of London cry,
Ground ivy, ground ivy, &c.

On yonder bank sweet flow'rets grew,
There cowslips and primroses spread;
These now I cull with violets blue,
And boughpots sell to buy me bread:

My daiſies and primroſes gay,
I tempt each paſſenger to buy;
And oft aweary on my way,
I mourn my fate, and weeping cry,
Ground ivy, &c.

Though friends and parents all are dead,
Yet HE who gives the neſtlings food,
Will feed my wants, will give me bread,
And keep me in the path of good:
Though ſome with art my beauty praiſe,
And ſtrive my innocence to buy;
I'll keep me ſtill in Virtue's ways,
And ſtill to ev'ry call reply,
Ground ivy, &c.

## MOULINES.——MARIA.

'TWAS near a thicket's calm retreat,
Under a poplar tree,
Maria choſe her wretched ſeat,
To mourn her ſorrows free.
Her lovely form was ſweet to view,
As dawn at op'ning day,
But, ah! ſhe mourn'd her love not true,
And wept her cares away.

The brook flow'd gently at her feet,
In murmurs ſmooth along;
Her pipe, which once ſhe tun'd moſt ſweet,
Had now forgot its ſong.
No more to charm the vale ſhe tries,
For grief has fill'd her breaſt,
Thoſe joys which once ſhe us'd to prize,
But love has robb'd her reſt.

Poor hapleſs maid, who can behold
Thy ſorrows ſo ſevere;
And hear thy love-lorn ſtory told
Without a falling tear.
Maria, luckleſs maid, adieu,
Thy ſorrows ſoon muſt ceaſe,
For heav'n will take a maid ſo true
To everlaſting peace.

## SMALILOU, &c.

THERE was an Iriſh lad,
Who lov'd a cloiſter'd Nun,
And it made him very ſad,
For what was to be done.

He thought it was a big ſhame,
A moſt confounded ſin,
That ſhe could not get out at all,
And he could not get in:
Yet he went ev'ry day, he cou'd do nothing more,
Yet he went ev'ry day unto the Convent door,
And he ſung ſweetly, Smalilou, ſmalilou, ſmalilou;
And he ſung ſweetly, Smalilou, gramochree, &c.

To catch a glimpſe of her,
He play'd a thouſand tricks,
The bolts he tried to ſtir,
And he gave the wall ſome kicks;
He ſtamp'd, and rav'd, and ſigh'd, and pray'd,
And many times he ſwore,
The devil burn the iron-bolts,
The devil take the door:
Yet he went ev'ry day, he made it a rule,
Yet he went ev'ry day, and look'd like a fool,
Though he ſung ſweetly, Smalilou, &c.

One morn' ſhe left her bed,
Becauſe ſhe could not ſleep,
And to the window ſped,
To take a little peep,

And what did ſhe do then,
I am ſure you'll think it right,
She bade the honeſt lad good day,
She bade the Nuns good night:
Tenderly ſhe liſten'd to all he had to ſay,
Then jump'd into his arms, and ſo they ran away,
And they ſung ſweetly, Smalilou, &c.

## THE STREAMLET THAT FLOW'D.

THE ſtreamlet that flow'd round her cot,
All the charms of my Emily knew:
How oft has its courſe been forgot,
While it paus'd her dear image to woo.

Believe me, the fond ſilver tide,
Knew from whence it deriv'd the fair prize:
For ſilently, ſwelling with pride,
It reflected her back to the ſkies.

## A POST UNDER GOVERNMENT.

HERE's Phelim O'Connaught from Dublin com'd over,
To ſnug little England his fortune to try,
And of honeſtly thriving the art to diſcover,
For ſome folks have Luck, and why ſhouldn't I?
For I had a father, as well as my betters,
Who taught me to write and to rade and to ſpell,
So determin'd to be a complete man of *letters*,
I turn'd *penny poſtman* and live by my bell;
Wid my ring a ding dooraling whack botheration,
I bring 'em all down wid the ſound of my bell.

And as no honeſt man wears the coat of a rogue, Sir,
By my conſcience of mine, they can ſay no ſuch thing;
If they did, they would find it too much on the brogue, Sir,
Becauſe, do ye ſee, mine belongs to the king:
So I lade a ſnug life as a man can deſire,
My conſcience is clear, I'm in nobody's debt;
Then I wear a cockade, and pray who can look higher,
And as for my fortune it's only to get.
Wid my ring a ding, &c.

And then palliluh! it wou'd make any Jew ſick,
To hear your Italians ſqueak, quaver and growl;
When they know there's no odds 'twixt my bell & their muſic,
Than between a Dutch jig and an Iriſh howl:
From my Lord to my Lady, when parted aſunder,
If I bring a letter, it's true on my life;
Says my Lord, that dam'd bell is as loud as the thunder,
And puts me in mind of the tongue of my wife.
Wid my ring a ding, &c.

## THE CHERRY GIRL.

SWEET cowſlips I cry, and ground ivy I ſell,
And round about London am known mighty well;
But when my ſweet cowſlips no longer abound,
I cry my ſweet cherries a penny a pound.

My green nonpareils through the winter I cry,
With fine golden pippins for thoſe that will buy;
But when the warm ſeaſon of ſummer comes round,
I cry my ſweet cherries a penny a pound.

I riſe with the lark and to market repair,
And the choiceſt of fruit in my barrow I bear:
With full honeſt weight, and they're all round and ſound,
I cry my ſweet cherries a penny a pound.

## THE LITTLE FARTHING RUSH-LIGHT.

SIR Solomon Simons when he did wed,
Bluſh'd black as a crow, his fair lady did bluſh light,
The clock ſtruck twelve, they were both tuck'd in bed,
In the chimney a ruſh-light,
A little farthing ruſh-light,
Fal lal lal la,
A little farthing ruſh-light.

Sir Solomon gave to his Lady a nudge,
Cries he, Lady Simons, there's vaſtly too much light;
Then, Sir Solomon, ſays ſhe, to get up you can't grudge
And blow out the ruſh-light,
The little farthing ruſh-light,
Fal lal lal la,
The little farthing ruſh-light.

Sir Solomon then out of bed pops his toes,
And vaſtly he ſwore, and very much did curſe light,
And then to the chimney Sir Solomon he goes,
And he puff'd at the ruſh-light,
The little farthing ruſh-light,
Fal lal lal la,
The little farthing ruſh-light.

Lady Simons got up in her night-cap ſo neat,
And over the carpet my lady did bruſh light,
And there Sir Solomon ſhe found in a heat,
Puffing at the ruſh-light:
Then ſhe puff'd at the ruſh-light,
But neither of them both
Cou'd blow out the ruſh-light.

Sir Solomon and Lady, their breath quite gone,
Rang the bells in a rage, determin'd to cruſh light,
Half a-ſleep in his ſhirt then up came John,
And he puff'd at the ruſh-light;
The little farthing ruſh-light;
But neither of the three
Cou'd blow out the ruſh-light.

Cook, coachee, men and maids, very near all in buff,
Came and ſwore, in their lives they never met with ſuch light,
And each of the family, by turns, had a puff
At the little farthing ruſh-light;
The curſt farthing ruſh-light,
But none of the family *,
Cou'd blow out the ruſh-light.

The watchman, at laſt, went by crying—one,
Here vatchman's come up, than you we might on vorſe light—
Then up came the watchman—the bus'neſs was done—
For he turn'd down the ruſh-light;
The little farthing ruſh-light,
Fal lal lal la,
So he put out the ruſh-light.

* *The above family were all very mouth'd.*

## ARRISTIPPUS' RULES.

LET care be a ſtranger to each jovial ſoul,
Who, Ariſtippus like, can his paſſions controul:
Of wiſeſt philoſophers wiſeſt was he,
Who attentive to eaſe, let his mind ſtill be free:
The prince, peer, or peaſant to him were the ſame,
For pleas'd, he was pleaſing to all where he came,
But ſtill turn'd his back on contention and ſtrife,
Reſolving to live all the days of his life.

A friend to mankind, all mankind was his friend,—
And the peace of mankind was his ultimate end;
He found fault with none, if none found fault with him,
If his friend had a humour, he humour'd his whim;
If wine was the word, why he bumper'd his glaſs,—
If love was the topic, he toaſted his laſs;
But ſtill turn'd his back on contention and ſtrife,
Reſolving to live all the days of his life.

If councils diſputed, if councils agreed,
He found fault with neither; for this was his creed,
That let them be guided by folly or ſenſe,
'Twould be *ſemper eadem* an hundred years hence.
He thought 'twas unſocial to be mal-content,
If the tide went with him, with the tide too he went;
But ſtill turn'd his back on contention and ſtrife,
Reſolving to live all the days of his life.

Was the nation at war, he wiſh'd well to the ſword;
If a peace was concluded, a peace was his word,
Diſquiet to him, or of body or mind,
Was the longitude only he never could find:
The philoſopher's ſtone was but gravel and pain,
And all who had ſought it, had ſought it in vain;
He ſtill turn'd his back on contention and ſtriſe
Reſolving to live all the days of his life.

Then let us all follow Ariſtippus' rules,
And deem his opponents both aſſes and mules;
Let thoſe not contented to lead or to drive,
By the bees of their ſect be drove out of the hive;

Expell'd from the manſions of quiet and eaſe,
May they never find out the bleſt art how to pleaſe;
While our friends and ourſelves, not forgetting our wives,
By thoſe maxims may live all the days of our lives.

## WHEN IN WAR ON THE OCEAN.

WHEN in war on the ocean we meet the proud foe,
Though with ardour for conqueſt our boſoms may glow,
Let us ſee on their veſſels Old England's flag wave,
They ſhall find Britiſh ſailors but conquer to ſave.

And now their pale enſigns we view from afar,
With three cheers they are welcom'd by each Britiſh tar;
Whilſt the genius of Britain ſtill bids us advance,
And our guns hurl in thunder defiance to France.

But mark our laſt broadſide! ſhe ſinks, down ſhe goes,
Quickly mann all our boats, they no longer are foes,
To ſnatch a brave fellow from a wat'ry grave,
Is worthy a Briton who conquers to ſave.

## YOU GENTLEMEN OF ENGLAND.

YOU gentlemen of England,
That live at home at eaſe,
Ah! little do you think upon
The dangers of the ſeas.
Give ear unto the mariners,
And they will plainly ſhow,
All the cares and the fears
When the ſtormy winds do blow.
When the ſtormy winds, &c.

If enemies oppoſe us
When England is at war
With any foreign nation,
We fear not wound nor ſcar;
Our roaring guns ſhall teach 'em
Our valour for to know,
Whilſt they reel on their keel,
When the ſtormy winds do blow.
When the ſtormy winds, &c.

Then courage all brave mariners,
And never be diſmay'd,
Whilſt we have bold adventurers,
We ne'er ſhall want a trade.

Our merchants will employ us,
To fetch them gold we know,
Then be bold, work for gold,
When the ſtormy winds do blow.
When the ſtormy winds, &c.

Then here's a health to NELSON,
And to his gallant tars;
Long may theſe Britiſh heroes bold,
Deſpiſe both wounds and ſcars,
Make France, and Spain, and Holland,
And all their foes to know,
Britain reigns o'er the main,
While the ſtormy winds do blow!
While the ſtormy winds, &c.

## THREE YEARS A SAILOR'S LIFE I LED.

THREE years a ſailor's life I led,
And plough'd the roaring ſea;
For why her foes ſhould England dread,
Whilſt all her ſons are free.
From France and Spain to earn my bread
I thought it far dy'e ſee,
And if a ſhot had ta'en my head,
Why there's an end of me.

A med'cine ſure for grief and care,
I ſteer'd my courſe to find,
Thenceforth an eaſy ſail to bear,
And run before the wind.
Their conj'ring ſkill let doctors boaſt,
And noſtrums of their ſhop,
Where'er we ſearch from coaſt to coaſt
There's none like the golden drop.

For gold we ſail the world around,
And dare the tempeſts rage;
For when the ſparklers once are found,
They ev'ry ill aſſuage.
'Twixt Jew and Chriſtian, not a fig
Of diff'rence here we find,
The Jew no loathing has to pig,
If 'tis of the guinea kind.

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## THE DUTCH FISH-MONGER.

Of all what ſtrive to live and thrive,
And by cunning to over-reach man;
Whether trade ben dead or trade ben alive,
De beſt trade of all is a Dieſtman.
Vorld he fiſh vat he can get,
But all ben fiſh in the Dieſtman's net,
Ik ben liderlick, du biſt liderlick, a lay te.

Mynheer can drink for dronk, by chance,
Mynheer, by chance, can caper;
But ik never let mine vrow go dance,
Till ſomebody pay de piper:
And if myn croopen holt his hond,
I croak mine pipe, and I nic for ſtond.
Ik ben liderlick, &c.

We trade mit de Yonky, and deal mit de Scot,
And cheaten de taen and to'ther;
We cheaten the Jew, the better as dat,
We cheaten one either 'nother:
And at Amſterdam, when we come dere,
We ſhall cheaten the devil, and that's all fair.
Ik ben liderlick, &c.

De ſtrange mans comes for de fiſh dat's nice,
And looks as ſharp as donder;
Ik praiſe mine goods, and I tak mine price,
And ſell him ſtinking flounder:
Den he cry tief man, ik ſay yaw!
Mit mine hond to mine gelt, com' ca'.
Ik ben liderlick, &c.

## KATE OF DOVER.

NED Flint was lov'd by all the ſhip,
Was tender hearted, bold, and true,
He'd work his way, or drink his ſlip,
With e'er a ſeaman in the crew;
Ned had fac'd his country's foe,
And twice had ſail'd the world all over,
Had ſeen his meſsmates oft laid low,
Yet would he ſigh for Kate of Dover.

Fair was the morn', when on the ſhore,
Ned flew to take of Kate his leave,
Says he, my love your grief give o'er,
For Ned can ne'er his Kate deceive.
Let Fortune ſmile, or let her frown,
To you I ne'er will prove a rover,
All cares in generous ſlip I'll drown,
And ſtill be true to Kate of Dover.

The tow'ring cliffs they bade adieu,
To brave all dangers on the main,
When lo! a ſail appear'd in view,
And Ned with many a tar was ſlain.
Thus death, who lays each ſorrow low,
Robb'd Kitty of her faithful lover,
The tars oft tell the tale of woe,
And heave a ſigh for Kate of Dover.

All penſive now ſhe mourns the day,
And tears bedew her cheeks at night;
Sad pale and wan ſhe pines away,
For Ned was all her ſoul's delight!
Deep anguiſh broke her bleeding heart,
Still conſtant to her faithful lover,
She faintly cry'd, we ſhall not part,
Then dy'd! ſweet Kate! the pride of Dover!

## ROTHSAY AND CAITHNESS FENCIBLES.

AND are ye ſure the news is true,
Again the tale relate,
That Sinclair is to raiſe a corps,
To fight for king and ſtate.
O! many thouſand gallant youths,
Have left the Caithneſs ſhore,
But never did a regiment march,
Acroſs the Ord * before.

CHORUS.

Then let us fill a bumper full,
To Rothſay's Noble Duke,
Who under his protection has,
The Lads of Caithneſs took.

* A lofty promontory, at the bottom of which is the boundary of Caithneſs and Sutherland.

Let Jonny Groats * rejoice at this,
And all the Men of Mey †,
The Pentland Firth ‡ ſhould dance with glee
On ſuch a merry day.
The Ord ſhould bend its ſtubborn head,
And Lofty Morven § ſmile,
When firſt it ſees the Caithneſs band
Array'd to guard our iſle.
Then let us fill a bumper full, &c.

Let others brag of phelibegs,
Of kilt and belted plaid:
Whilſt we the ancient trews ſhall wear,
In which our fathers bled!
Like them we'll fight with truth and zeal,
As well as wear their dreſs;
And guard our native iſle from thoſe
Who would her ſons oppreſs.
Then let us fill a bumper full, &c.

* Celebrated for having been the moſt northerly habitation in Scotland.

† A number of rocks near Burrogil Caſtle, the ſeat of the Earl of Caithneſs, are commonly known by the name of the Men of Mey.

‡ The Pentland Firth is the ſtrait that divides Caithneſs from Orkney.

§ The higheſt mountain in Caithneſs.

In former times our Scottiſh youths,
The force of arms repell'd;
Whoſe conqu'ring monarchs in thoſe days,
The crowns of Europe held.
Shall then the ſons of France pretend
With Scotland's ſons to vie?
If they ſuppoſe they're better men
E'en let them come and try!
Then let us fill a bumper full, &c.

If Britain's ſons are firm and true,
And by each other ſtand,
No foreign foe will venture then
To ſtain our native land:
Or, if they ſhould aſſail our coaſts,
Impell'd by want and need,
When Rothſay's banners are diſplay'd,
They'll fly from thence with ſpeed.
Then let us fill a bumper full, &c.

The king, our noble father is,
The queen, our mother dear;
The princes, brother ſoldiers are,
Whom we ſhall all revere.
We'll them defend with might and main,
Againſt all ſorts of foes;
Should they come arm'd to fight like men,
Or aim their trait'rous blows.
Then let us fill a bumper full, &c.

## THE BOATIE ROWS.

O WEEL may the boatie row,
And better may ſhe ſpeed;
And lieſome may the boatie row,
That wins the bairns' bread;
The boatie rows, the boatie rows
The boatie rows indeed;
And weel may the boatie row,
That wins my bairns' bread.

O weel may the boatie row,
That fills a heavy creel,
And cleads us a' frae head to feet,
And buys our pottage meal;
The boatie rows, the boatie rows,
The boatie rows indeed,
And happy be the lot of a',
That wiſh the boatie ſpeed.

When Jamie vow'd he wou'd be mine;
And wan frae me my heart,
O muckle lighter grew my creel,
He ſwore we'd never part;
The boatie rows, the boatie rows,
The boatie rows fu' weel,
And muckle lighter is the load
When love bears up the creel.

My kurtch I put upon my head,
And dreſs'd myſel' fu' braw,
I trow my heart was douf an' wae,
When Jamie gaed awa';
But weel may the boatie row,
And lucky be her part;
And lightſome be the laſſie's care,
That yields an honeſt heart.

When Sawney, Jock, an' Janetie,
Are up an gotten lear;
They'll help to gar the boatie row,
And lighten a' our care.
The boatie rows, the boatie rows,
The boatie rows fu' weel,
And lightſome be her heart that bears,
The Murlain, and the creel.

And when wi' age we're worn down,
And hirpling round the door,
They'll row to keep us dry and warm,
As we did them before;
Then weel may the boatie row,
She wins the bairns' bread;
And happy be the lot o' a',
That wiſh the boatie ſpeed.

## THE NEAT LITTLE COTTAGE.

MY mam is no more, and my dad's in his grave,
Little orphans are ſiſter and I, ſadly poor,
Induſtry our wealth, and no dwelling we have,
But yon neat little cottage that ſtands on the moor.

The lark's early ſong does to labour invite,
Contented we juſt keep the wolf from the door,
And Phœbus retiring, trip home with delight,
To our neat little cottage that ſtands on the moor.

Our meals are but homely, mirth ſweetens the cheer,
Affection's our inmate, the gueſt we adore,
And heart-eaſe and health, make a palace appear,
Of our neat little cottage that ſtands on the moor.

## OF A' THE AIRTS THE WIN' CAN BLAW.

BY R. BURNS.

Of a' the airts the win' can blaw, I dearly like the weſt,
For there the bonny laſſie lives, the laſs that I lo'e beſt;
Tho' wild woods grow, an' rivers row, wi' mony a hill between,
Baith day an' night my fancy's flight is ever wi' my Jean.

I ſee her in the dewy flowers, ſae lovely, ſweet an' fair,
I hear her voice in ilka bird, wi' muſic charm the air,
There's not a bonny flower that ſprings, by fountain, ſhaw, or green,
Nor yet a bonny bird that ſings, but minds me o' my Jean.

Upon the banks of flowing Clyde the laſſes buſk them braw,
But when their beſt they ha'e put on, my Jenny dings them a';
In hamely weeds ſhe far exceeds the faireſt of the town,
Baith ſage an' gay confeſs it ſae, tho' dreſs'd in ruſtic gown.

The gameſome lamb, that ſucks the dam, mair harmleſs canna be,
She has nae fau't (if fic we ca't) except her love for me,
The ſparkling dew, of cleareſt hew, is like her ſhining een,
In ſhape an' air wha can compare, wi' my ſweet lovely Jean

O blaw ye weſtlin' win's blaw ſaft, amang the leafy trees,
Wi' gentle breath frae muir an' dale bring hame the laden bees;
An' bring the laſſie back to me that's ay ſae neat an' clean,
Ae' blink o' her wad baniſh care, ſae charming is my Jean.

What ſighs an' vows amang the knowes, ha'e paſt atween us twa,
How fain to meet, how wae to part, that day ſhe gade awa,
The pow'rs aboon can only ken, to whom the heart is ſeen,
That nane can be ſae dear to me as my ſweet lovely Jean.

## ALONE BY THE LIGHT OF THE MOON.

THE day is departed, and round from the cloud,
The moon in her beauty appears;
The voice of the nightingale warbles aloud,
The muſic of love in our ears:
Maria appear! now the ſeaſon ſo ſweet,
While the beat of the heart is in tune,
The time is ſo tender for lovers to meet,
Alone by the light of the moon.

I cannot, when preſent, unfold what I feel;
I ſigh—can a lover do more;
Her name to the ſhepherds I never reveal,
Yet I think of her all the day o'er.
Maria, my love, do you long for the grove,
Do you ſigh for an interview ſoon:
Does e'er a kind thought run on me as you rove,
Alone by the light of the moon.

Your name from the ſhepherds, whenever I hear,
My boſom is all in a glow;
Your voice, when it vibrates ſo ſweet thro' mine ear,
My heart thrills—my eyes overflow.

Ye Powers of the ſky, will your bounty divine,
Indulge a fond lover his boon,
Shall heart ſpring to heart, and Maria be mine,
Alone by the light of the moon.

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## JENNY'S BAWBEE.

I MET four chaps yon birks amang,
Wi' hanging lugs and faces lang,
I ſpeer'd at nei'bour Bauldy Strang,
What are they theſe we ſee?
Quoth he, "ilk cream-fac'd pawky chiel,
"Thinks himſell cunning as the deil,
"And here they cam', away to ſteal;
Jenny's Bawbee."

The firſt a captain to his trade,
Wi' ill-lin'd ſcull, and back weel clad,
March'd round the barn and by the ſhed,
And papped on his knee;
Quoth he, "My goddeſs, nymph, and queen,
"Your beauty's dazzl'd baith my een,"
But deil a beauty he had ſeen;
But Jenny's Bawbee.

A Norlan' laird neiſt trotted up,
Wi' baſſen'd nag, and ſiller whup,
Cry'd, " here's my beaſt, lad had the grup,
" Or tie him to a tree;
" What's gow'd to me, I've wealth o' lan',
" Beſtow on ane o' worth your han',"
He thought to pay what he was awn;
Wi' Jenny's Bawbee.

A Lawyer neiſt wi' blatherin' gab,
Wi' ſpeeches wove like ony web;
In ilk anes corn he took a dab,
And a' for a fee;
Accounts he owed thro' a' the town,
And tradeſmens tongues nae mair cou'd drown;
But now he thought to clout his gown,
Wi' Jenny's Bawbee.

Quite ſpruce, juſt frae the waſhing tubs,
A fool came neiſt, but life has rubs,
Foul were the roads, and fu' the dubs,
And ſair beſmear'd was he;
He danc'd up ſquinting thro' a glaſs,
And grinn'd, " I, faith a bonny laſs,"
He thought to win wi' front o' braſs,
Jenny's Bawbee.

She baw'd the Laird gae kaim his wig,
The Soldier not to ſtrut ſae big,
The Lawyer not to be a prig,
The fool he cry'd "tee-hee,
"I kend that I could never fail,"
But, ſhe prinn'd the diſh-clout to his tail,
And cool'd him wi' a water-pail,
And kept her Bawbee.

Then Johnny cam', a lad o' ſenſe,
Although he had na mony pence,
He took young Jenny to the ſpence,
Wi' her to crack a wee;
Now, Johnny was a clever chiel,
And here his ſuit he preſs'd ſae weel,
That Jenny's heart grew ſaft as jeel,
And ſhe birl'd her Bawbee.

## FAIR ROSALE.

ON that lone bank where Lubin dy'd,
Fair Roſale, a wretched maid,
Sat weeping o'er the cruel tide,
Faithful to her Lubin's ſhade.

O may ſome kindſome gentle wave
Waft him to this mournful ſhore,
Theſe tender hands ſhould make his grave,
And deck his corpſe with flowers o'er.

I'd ever watch his mould'ring clay,
And pray for his eternal reſt,
When time his form has worn away,
His duſt I'd place within my breaſt.

While thus ſhe mourn'd her Lubin loſt,
And echo to her grief reply'd,
Lo! at her feet, his corpſe was toſt,
She ſhriek'd! ſhe claſp'd him! ſigh and dy'd.

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## GAFFER GRAY.

HO! why doſt thou ſhiver and ſhake,
Gaffer Gray;
And why doſt thy noſe look ſo blue!
"'Tis the weather that's cold,
"'Tis I'm grown very old,
"And my doublet is not very new,
"Well-a-day!"

Then, line thy worn Doublet with ale,
Gaffer Gray;
And warm thy old heart with a glaſs.
" Nay, but credit I've none,
" And my money's all gone,
" Then ſay how may that come to paſs,
" Well-a-day!"

Hie away to the houſe on the brow,
Gaffer Gray;
And knock at the jolly Prieſt's door.
" The Prieſt often preaches
" Againſt worldly riches
" But ne'er gives a mite to the poor,
" Well-a-day!"

The Lawyer lives under the hill,
Gaffer Gray;
Warmly fenc'd both in back and in front.
" He will faſten his locks,
" And will threaten the ſtocks,
" Should he ever more find me in want,
" Well-a-day!"

The Squire has fat beeves and brown ale,
Gaffer Gray;
And the ſeaſon will welcome you there,

" The fat beeves and his beer,
" And his merry new-year,
" Are all for the ſluſh and the fair,
" Well-a-day!"

My keg is but low I confeſs,
Gaffer Gray;
What then, while it laſts, man, we'll live;
The poor man alone;
When he hears the poor moan,
Of his morſel, a morſel will give,
Well-a-day!

## SALLY IN OUR ALLEY.

OF all the girls that are ſo ſmart,
There's none like pretty Sally:
She is the darling of my heart,
And ſhe lives in our alley;
There's ne'er a lady in the land
Is half ſo ſweet as Sally,
For ſhe's the darling of my heart,
And lives into our Alley.

Her father he makes cabbage nets,
For thoſe who want to buy 'em,
Her mother ſhe makes laces long,
And thro' the ſtreets does cry 'em:
But ſure ſuch folks could ne'er beget,
Such a charming girl as Sally,
She is the darling of my heart,
And ſhe lives in our Alley.

When ſhe is by I leave my work,
I love her ſo ſincerely,
My maſter comes like any Turk,
And bangs me moſt ſeverely,
But let him bang his belly full,
I'll bear it all for Sally,
For ſhe's the darling of my ſoul,
And ſhe lives in our Alley.

Of all the days that's in the week,
I dearly love but one day,
And that's the day that comes between
A Saturday and Monday;
For then I'm dreſt all in my beſt,
To walk abroad with Sally,
For ſhe's the darling of my ſoul,
And ſhe lives in our Alley.

My maſter carries me to church,
Where often I am blamed,
Becauſe I leave him in the lurch
As ſoon as text is named,
I leave the church in ſermon time,
And ſlink away to Sally,
For ſhe's the darling of my ſoul,
And ſhe lives in our Alley.

When Chriſtmas comes about again,
Oh! then I ſhall have money;
I'll hoard it up, and box and all,
I'll give it to my honey.
And wou'd it were ten thouſand pounds,
I'd give it all to Sally;
She is the darling of my heart,
And ſhe lives in our Alley.

My maſter and the neighbours all
Make game of me and Sally,
Wer't not for her I'd better been
A ſlave, and row a galley:
But when my ſeven long years are out,
Oh! then I'll marry Sally;
Oh! then we'll wed, and then we'll bed,
But not into our Alley.

## JESS MACPHARLANE.

WHEN firſt ſhe came to town,
They call'd her Jeſs Macpharlane,
But now ſhe's come, and gone,
They call her the wand'ring darling:
Oh! this love, this love!
Of this love I'm weary,
Sleep I can get none,
For thinking on my deary.

Her father loves her well,
Her mither loves her better;
And I like the girl myſell,
But alas! I canna get her.
Oh! this love, &c.

I took it in my head,
To write my love a letter;
But alas! She canna read,
And I like her a' the better.
Oh! this love, &c.

Then ſince I canna reſt,
For thinking of my darling;
I'll wander too in queſt,
Of lovely Jeſs Macpharlane.
Oh! this love, &c.

## THE COTTAGER'S DAUGHTER.

AH! tell me, ye ſwains, have ye ſeen my Paſtora,
O ſay, have you met the ſweet nymph in your way,
Tranſcendant as Venus, and blithe as Aurora,
From Neptune's bed riſing, to hail the new day;
Forlorn do I wander, and long time have ſought her,
The faireſt, the rareſt, for ever my theme;
A goddeſs in form, tho' a cottager's daughter,
That dwells on the borders of Aln's winding ſtream.

Tho' lordlings ſo gay, and young ſquires have ſought her,
To link her fair hand in the conjugal chain;
Devoid of ambition, the cottager's daughter
Convinc'd them, their flattery and offers were vain.
When firſt I beheld her, I fondly beſought her,
My heart did her homage, and love was her theme;
She vow'd to be mine, the ſweet cottager's daughter,
That dwells on the border of Aln's winding ſtream.

Then, why, thus alone does ſhe leave me to languiſh,
Paſtora to ſplendor cou'd ne'er yield her hand;
Ah! no ſhe returns to remove my fond anguiſh,
O'er her heart love and truth retain the command;
The wealth of Golgonda could never have bought her,
For love, truth and conſtancy ſtill is her theme,
Then give me kind Hymen the cottager's daughter,
That dwells on the border of Aln's winding ſtream.

## THE WOUNDED HUSSAR.

ALONE to the banks of the dark rolling Danube,
Fair Adelaide hied when the battle was o'er;
O whither, she cry'd! hast thou wander'd my true love,
Or where dost thou welter and bleed on the shore.
What voice have I heard! 'twas my Henry that sigh'd,
All mournful she hasten'd, nor wander'd she far,
When bleeding and low on the heath she deserv'd,
By the light of the moon, her poor wounded Hussar.

From his bosom that heav'd, the last torrent was streaming,
And pale was his visage, deep mark'd with a scar,
And dim was that eye, once expressively beaming,
That melted in love, and that kindled in war;
How smit was poor Adelaide's heart at the sight,
How bitter she wept o'er the victim of war:
"Hast thou come my fond love this last sorrowful night,
"To cheer the lone heart of your wounded Hussar."

"Thou shalt live! (she reply'd,) heaven's mercy relieving,
"Each anguishing wound shall forbid me to mourn,"
"Ah! no, the last pang in my bosom is heaving,
"No light of the morn shall to Henry return:
"Thou charmer of life ever tender and true,
"Ye babes of my love that await me afar."
His fault'ring tongue scarcely could murmur, adieu!
When he sunk in her arms, the poor wounded Hussar.

## THE CONTENTED SHEPHERD.

BY the ſide of a mountain, o'erſhadow'd with trees,
With thick cluſters of vine, intermingl'd and wove,
I behold my thatch'd cottage, dear manſion of eaſe,
The ſeat of contentment, of friendſhip and love.
Each morn, when I open the latch of my door,
My heart throbs with rapture, to hear the birds ſing,
And at night when the dance of the village is o'er,
On my pillow I ſtrew the freſh roſes of ſpring.

When I hide in the foreſt from noon's ſcorching ray,
While the torrent's deep murmurs, re-echoing ſound;
When the herds quit their paſture to quaff the clear ſtream,
And the flocks in the vale lie extended around.
I muſe, but my thoughts are contented and free,
I regret not the ſplendor of riches and pride,
The delights of retirement are dearer to me,
Than the proudeſt appendage to greatneſs allied.

I ſing, and my ſong is the carol of joy,
My cheek glows with health, like the wild roſe in bloom,
I dance, yet forget not tho' blithſome and gay,
That I meaſure the footſteps that lead to the tomb.
Contented to live, yet not fearful to die,
With a conſcience unſpotted I paſs thro' life's ſcene,
On the wings of delight ev'ry moment ſhall fly,
And the end of my days be reſign'd and ſerene.

## OH THE MOMENT WAS SAD.

OH! the moment was ſad when my love and I parted,
Savourna deligh ſhighna oh!
As I kiſs'd off her tears, I was nigh broken-hearted,
Savourna deligh ſhigham oh.
Wan was her cheek, which hung on my ſhoulder,
Damp was her hand, no marble was colder,
I felt that I never again ſhould behold her;
Savourna deligh ſhighna oh!

When the word of command put our men into motion,
Savourna, &c.
I buckled my knapſack to croſs the wide ocean,
Savourna, &c.
Briſk were our troops all roaring like thunder,
Pleas'd with the voyage, impatient for plunder;
My boſom with grief was almoſt torn aſunder,
Savourna, &c.

Long I fought for my country, far, far from my true love,
Savourna, &c.
All my pay and my booty I hoarded for you love,
Savourna, &c.
Peace was proclaim'd, eſcap'd from the ſlaughter,
Landed at home, my ſweet girl I ſought her:
But ſorrow alas! to her cold grave had brought her.
Savourna, &c.

## POOR TOM.

HERE a Sheer hulk lies poor Tom Bowling,
The darling of our crew,
No more he'll hear the tempeſt howling,
For death has broach'd him too.
His form was of the manlieſt beauty,
His heart was kind and ſoft,
Faithful below he did his duty,
And now he's gone aloft.

Tom never from his word departed,
His virtues were ſo rare,
His friends were many, and true hearted,
His Poll was kind and fair:
And then he'd ſing ſo blithe and jolly,
Ah! many's the time and oft?
But mirth is turn'd to melancholy,
For Tom is gone aloft.

Yet ſhall poor Tom find pleaſant weather,
When He, who all commands,
Shall give, to call life's crew together,
The word to pipe all hands.
Thus death, who kings and tars diſpatches,
In vain Tom's life has doff'd,
For though his body's under hatches,
His ſoul is gone aloft.

## HONEST BOB OF THE MILL.

MY heart is as honeſt, and brave as the beſt,
My body's as ſound as a roach:
Though in gay fangl'd garments I never was dreſt,
Nor ſtuck up my nob in a coach.

If Fortune refuſes to flow with my ſtream,
My ſacks with her riches to fill,
Why ſurely, 'tis Fortune alone that's to blame,
And not honeſt Bob of the mill.

My breaſt is as artleſs, and blithe as my lay,
From my cottage content never flies:
She is ſure to reward the fatigue of the day,
And I know how to value the prize.

Would the girl I love, then, but give me her hand,
The world it may wag as it will;
I defy the firſt 'ſquire, or lord of the land,
To diſhonour plain Bob of the mill.

## THE TOKEN.

THE breeze was freſh, the ſhip in ſtays,
Each breaker huſh'd the ſhore a haze,
When Jack no more on duty call'd,
His true-love's tokens overhaul'd.
The broken gold, the braided hair,
The tender motto writ ſo fair,
Upon his 'bacco box he views,
Nancy the poet, love the muſe;
" If you loves I, as I loves you,
" No pair ſo happy as we two."

The ſtorm, that like a ſhapeleſs wreck,
Had ſtrew'd with rigging all the deck,
That tars for ſharks had given a feaſt,
And left the ſhip a hulk—had ceas'd:
When Jack, as with his meſs-mates dear,
He ſhar'd the grog their hearts to cheer,
Took from his 'bacco-box a quid,
And ſpell'd for comfort on the lid,
" If you loves I, as I loves you,
" No pair ſo happy as we two."

The battle, that with horror grim,
Had madly ravag'd life and limb,
Had ſcuppers drench'd with human gore,
And widow'd many a wife—was o'er.

When Jack to his companions dear,
Firſt paid the tribute of a tear,
Then as his 'bacco-box he held,
Reſtor'd his comfort as he ſpell'd—
" If you loves I, as I loves you,
" No pair ſo happy as we two."

The voyage that had been long and hard,
But that had yielded full reward,
That brought each ſailor to his friend,
Happy and rich—was at an end:
When Jack, his toils and perils o'er,
Beheld his Nancy on the ſhore,
He then the 'bacco box diſplay'd,
And cry'd and ſeiz'd the yielding maid,
" If you loves I, as I loves you,
" No pair ſo happy as we two."

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## A SOLEMN DIRGE,

### ON THE DEATH OF ROBERT BURNS, THE SCOTS BARD.

WHAT! is there ill-news you're ſo ſad,
Robin Gray,
That thy blue bonnet's pull'd o'er thy brow?
O! ſad news! ſad! ſad!
Poor Robin is dead,
And the plowman weeps over his plow,
Well a well a day.
And the plowman weeps over his plow.

Is his pipe mute for ay, and for ay,
Robin Gray,
No more ſhall we tend to his ſong?
Aye cold as a clod
Beneath the green ſod,
Poor Robin they've lain all along,
Well a well a day,
Poor Robin they've lain all along.

Adieu then the foreſt and hill,
Robin Gray,
And farewell the valleys and grove!
Why the foreſt and hill,
And the valleys ring ſtill,
Still echo his ditties of love,
Well a well a day,
Still echo his ditties of love.

The ſad ſound of echo I'll ſhun,
Robin Gray,
Its dying notes live on my mind;
Can you then as you roam,
From your forefathers home;
Leave your country's feeling behind,
Well a well a day,
Leave your country's feeling behind.

Still the blackbird will ſing on the thorn,
Robin Gray,
And the lark early carol on high,
But the lowly lodg'd ſwain,
As he ſcatters his grain,
Will chant Robin's verſe with a ſigh,
Well a well a day,
Will chant Robin's verſe with a ſigh.

Soft lies on his boſom the turf,
Robin Gray,
Reſt his aſhes unmingled and pure!
May the tomb of his urn
Caledonia adorn,
And his much-lov'd remains aye ſecure!
Well a well a day!
And his much-lov'd remains aye ſecure.

## POOR OLD ENGLAND.

HAVE you heard of the tax that ſuch ſtrange conſternation
Has ſpread through Old England that poor helpleſs nation,
'Tis hair powder, oh downfal of guinealeſs beaus,
Who unlicenſed will all look like ſo many crows.
Hark the frizeurs exclaim as diſtracted they roam
'Mongſt the knights of the curling irons, chaos is come.
Sing and cry, cry and ſing, mingle mis'ry and fun,
England's never ſo happy as when ſhe's undone.

The hunks, who can boaſt but a ſingle colt's tooth,
Who, weigh'd down with age, apes the fopperies of youth,
Says to ſome dulcinea, my hairs are all grey
So I can't be taxed, cries the ſyren, "nay, nay,
"Not all grey—they're half black"—Ah you dear coaxing ninny!
Well I'll purchaſe a licenſe and pay half-a-guinea.
Sing and cry, &c.

Then the knights of the rainbow—'I ſay my lord duke,
'On hair powder a tax—take the news there and look,
'I forgot you can't read'—the ridiculous fuſs,
Why, what are ſuch trifles as guineas to us?
Nunky pays for we footmen, I'll ſport a ſpruce nob,
And old Quibus comes down for't, or dam'me, I'll blab.
Sing and cry, &c.

But the drolleſt expedient was that of a fop,
A man-milliner, where there were four in a ſhop,
I've hit upon't, dam'me! as lawyers a coach call,
And drive for a ſhilling to Weſtminſter-hall;

Five and threepence a-piece lads advance; hand it out,
We'll purchaſe a licenſe and lend it about.
Sing and cry, &c.

Then the tea table ſee; I declare then I'm vexed;
Cries out lady Pyeball, "Our teeth they'll tax next,
"I ſhould trick e'm at that tho' I have but one tooth,"
"'Tis quite right," cried a beauty all ſweetneſs and truth,
"Take the tax, take each feather that plays on my head,
"I ſhall dreſs the more plain—but the poor will get bread."
Sing and cry, &c.

Then my countrymen, emulate this charming fair,
Deck the heart, nor regret how neglected the hair,
While frizeurs, and footmen, and fops, cry peccavi,
We ſhall all dreſs more decent and they'll mann the navy:
Let our rulers go on then of honour ſecure,
Each tax upon luxury's bread for the poor.
Then hold all this croaking, and grumbling as fun,
By ſuch nonſenſe old England can ne'er be undone.

## THEN SAY, MY SWEET GIRL, CAN YOU LOVE ME.

DEAR Nancy, I've fail'd the world all around,
And ſeven long years been a rover,
To make for my charmer each ſhilling a pound,
But now my hard perils are over.
I've ſav'd, from my toils, many hundreds in gold,
The comforts of life to beget;
Have borne in each climate the heat and the cold,
And all for my pretty brunette.
Then ſay, my ſweet girl, can you love me?

Tho' others may boaſt of more riches than mine,
And rate my attractions e'en fewer;
At their jeers and ill-nature I'll ſcorn to repine,
Can they boaſt of a heart that is truer?
Or, will they for thee plough the hazardous main,
Brave the ſeaſons both ſtormy and wet?
If not, why I'll do it again and again,
And all for my pretty brunette.
Then ſay, my ſweet girl, &c.

When order'd afar, in purſuit of the foe,
I ſigh'd at the bodings of Fancy,
Which fain would perſuade me I might be laid low,
And ah! never more ſee my Nancy:
But hope, like an angel, ſoon baniſh'd the thought,
And bade me ſuch nonſenſe forget:
I took the advice, and undauntedly fought,
And all for my pretty brunette,
Then ſay, my ſweet girl, &c.

## THE GALLEY SLAVE.

OH, think on my fate! once I freedom enjoy'd,
  Was as happy as happy could be,
But pleaſure is fled! even hope is deſtroy'd,
  A captive alas! on the ſea.
I was ta'en by the foe, 'twas the fiat of Fate,
  To tear me from her I adore,
When thought brings to my mind my once happy eſtate,
  I ſigh! while I tug at the oar.

Hard, hard is my fate! Oh how galling my chain,
  My life's ſteer'd by miſery's chart,
And though 'gainſt my tyrants I ſcorn to complain,
  Tears guſh forth to eaſe my full heart.
I diſdain e'en to ſhrink, tho' I feel ſharp the laſh;
  Yet my breaſt bleeds for her I adore,
While around me the unfeeling billows will daſh,
  I ſigh! and ſtill tug at the oar.

How Fortune deceives, I had pleaſure in tow,
  The port where ſhe dwelt we'd in view,
But the wiſh'd nuptial morn was o'er-clouded with woe,
  And dear Anna! I hurried from you.
Our ſhallop was boarded, and I borne away,
  To behold my dear Anna, no more,
But deſpair waſtes my ſpirits, my form feels decay,—
  He ſigh'd and expir'd at the oar.

## WHEN THE FANCY STIRRING BOWL.

WHEN the fancy ſtirring bowl,
  Wakes its world of pleaſure,
Glowing viſions gild my ſoul,
  And life's an endleſs treaſure.
Mem'ry decks my waſted heart,
  Freſh with gay deſires;
Rays divine my ſenſes dart,
  And kindling hope inſpires.
    Then who'd be grave,
    When wine can ſave
  The heavieſt ſoul from ſinking;
    And magic grapes
    Give angel's ſhapes
  To ev'ry girl we're drinking!

Here ſweet benignity and love,
  Shed their influence round me,
Gather'd ills of life remove,
  And leave me as they found me.
Tho' my head may ſwim, yet true
  Still to nature's feeling,
Peace and beauty ſwim there too,
  And rock me as I'm reeling.
    Then who'd be grave, &c.

On youth's ſoft pillow tender truth,
Her penſive leſſon taught me;
Age ſoon mock'd the dream of youth,
And wiſdom wak'd and caught me,
A bargain then with love I knock'd,
To hold the pleaſing gipſy,
When wiſe to keep my boſom lock'd,
But turn the key when tipſy.
Then who'd be grave, &c.

When time aſſuag'd my heated heart,
The grey beard, blind and ſimple,
Forgot to cool one little part,
Juſt fluſh'd by Lucy's dimple.
That part's enough of beauty's type
To warm an honeſt fellow;
And tho' it touch me not when ripe,
It melts me ſtill when mellow.
Then who'd be grave, &c.

Life's a voyage, we all declare,
With ſcarce a port to hide in:
It may be ſo with pride or care,
That's not the ſea I ride in.

Here floats my ſoul in Fancy's eye,
Her realms of bliſs diſcover,
Bright worlds, that fair in proſpect lie,
To him that's half ſeas over.
Then who'd be grave, &c.

## NOW WESTLIN WINDS.

NOW weſtlin winds, and ſlaught'ring guns,
Bring autumn's pleaſant weather;
The gorcock ſprings on whirring wings,
Amang the blooming heather:
Now waving grain, wide o'er the plain,
Delights the weary farmer:
The moon ſhines bright, as I rove by night,
To muſe upon my charmer.

The pairtrick lo'es the fruitfu' fells;
The plover lo'es the mountains;
The woodcock haunts the lanely dells;
The ſoaring hern the fountains:
Thro' lofty groves the cuſhet roves,
The path o' man to ſhun it;
The hazel buſh o'erhangs the thruſh,
The ſpreading thorn the linnet.

Thus every kind their pleaſure find,
The ſavage and the tender;
Some, ſocial join, and leagues combine,
Some ſolitary wander:
Avaunt, away! the cruel ſway,
Tyrannic man's dominion,
The ſportman's joy, the murd'ring cry,
The flutt'ring gory pinion.

But Peggy, dear, the evening's clear,
Thick flies the ſkimming ſwallow,
The ſky is blue, the fields in view,
All fading green and yellow;
Come let us ſtray our gladſome way,
And view the charms o' nature,
The ruſtling corn, the fruited thorn,
And ilka happy creature.

We'll gently walk, and ſweetly talk,
While the ſilent moon ſhines clearly;
I'll claſp thy waiſt, and fondly preſt,
Swear how I lo'e thee dearly!
Not vernal ſhowers to budding flowers,
Not autumn to the farmer,
So dear can be, as thou to me,
My fair my lovely charmer.

## WILT THOU BE MY DEARIE.

WILT thou be my dearie,
When ſorrow wrings thy gentle heart,
O wilt thou let me cheer thee,
By the treaſure of my ſoul,
And that's the love I bear thee,
I ſwear and vow, that only thou,
Shall ever be my dearie.

Laſſie ſay thou lo'es me;
And if thou winna be my ain,
O ſay na thou'll refuſe me;
If it maunna, canna be:
That thou for thine may chuſe me!
Then let me, Jeanie, quickly die
Ay truſting that thou lo'es me.

Flower of beauties hear me,
And dinna treat me wi' diſdain;
A' ither ills I fear na',
Gin thou wad only ſmile on him:
Cou'd part wi' life to pleaſe thee,
Of joys on earth I'd aſk nae mair,
If thou wilt be my dearie.

## THE SAILOR'S JOURNAL.

'TWAS poſt meridian, half paſt four,
By ſignal I from Nancy parted,
At ſix ſhe linger'd on the ſhore,
With uplift hands and broken hearted.
At ſeven, while tight'ning the foreſtay,
I ſaw her faint, or elſe 'twas fancy,
At eight we all got under weigh,
And bid a long adieu to Nancy.

Night came, and now eight bells had rung,
While careleſs ſailors ever cheery,
On the mid watch ſo jovial ſung,
With tempers labour cannot weary.
I, little to their mirth inclin'd,
While tender thoughts ruſh'd on my fancy,
And my warm ſighs increas'd the wind,
Look'd on the moon, and thought on Nancy.

And now arriv'd that jovial night,
When ev'ry true-bred tar carouſes,
When o'er the grog all hands delight,
To toaſt their ſweethearts and their ſpouſes.
Round went the cann, the jeſt, the glee,
While tender wiſhes fill'd each fancy,
And when in turn it came to me,
I heav'd a ſigh, and toaſted Nancy.

Next morn' a ſtorm came on at four;
At ſix the elements in motion,
Plung'd me, and three poor ſailors more,
Headlong within the foaming ocean.
Poor wretches! they ſoon found their graves,
For me, it may be only fancy,
But love ſeem'd to forbid the waves,
To ſnatch me from the arms of Nancy.

Scarce the foul hurricane was clear'd;
Scarce winds and waves had ceas'd to rattle,
When a bold enemy appear'd,
And dauntleſs, we prepar'd for battle.
And now while ſome lov'd friend, or wife,
Like light'ning, ruſh'd on ev'ry fancy,
To Providence I truſted life,
Put up a prayer, and thought on Nancy.

At laſt 'twas in the month of May,
The crew, it being lovely weather,
At three A. M. diſcover'd day,
And England's chalky cliffs together
At ſeven up channel how we bore,
While hopes and fears ruſh'd on my fancy,
At twelve I gaily jump'd aſhore,
And to my throbbing breaſt preſs'd Nancy.

## MY MARY, DEAR DEPARTED SHADE.

THOU ling'ring ſtar, with leſs'ning ray,
That lov'ſt to greet the early morn',
Again thou uſher'ſt in the day,
My Mary from my ſoul was torn.
O Mary dear, departed ſhade!
Where is thy place of bliſsful reſt,
Seeſt thou thy lover lowly laid,
Hear'ſt thou the groans that rend his breaſt.

That ſacred hour can I forget,
Can I forget that hallow'd grove
Where, by the winding Ayr, we met
To live one day of parting love!
Eternity cannot efface,
Thoſe records dear of tranſports paſt;
Thy image at our laſt embrace,
Ah! little thought we 'twas our laſt!

Ayr gurgling kiſs'd his pebbled ſhore,
O'erhung with wild woods thick'ning green:
The fragrant birch, and hawthorn hoar,
Twin'd amorous round the raptur'd ſcene:
The flowers ſprang wanton to be preſt,
The birds ſang love on ev'ry ſpray,
Till too, too ſoon the glowing weſt
Proclaim'd the ſpeed of winged day.

Still o'er theſe ſcenes my mem'ry wakes,
And fondly broods with miſer care;
Time but th' impreſſion ſtronger makes,
As ſtreams their channels deeper wear:
My Mary, dear departed ſhade!
Where is thy place of bliſsful reſt.
Seeſt thou thy lover lowly laid,
Hear'ſt thou the groans that rend his breaſt.

## LISTEN TO THE VOICE OF LOVE.

O! LISTEN to the voice of love;
He calls my Daphne to the grove.
The primroſe ſweet bedecks the field,
The tuneful birds invite to rove.
To ſofter joys let ſplendor yield,
O liſten to the voice of love.

Where flowers their blooming ſweets exhale,
My Daphne let us fondly ſtray;
Where whiſp'ring love breathes forth his tale,
And ſhepherds ſing their artleſs lay:
O liſten to the voice of love,
He calls my Daphne to the grove.

Come ſhare with me the ſweets of ſpring,
And leave the town's tumultuous noiſe;
The happy ſwains all cheerful ſing,
And echo ſtill repeats their joys:
Then liſten to the voice of love,
He calls my Daphne to the grove.

## A SUP OF GOOD WHISKY.

A SUP of good whiſky will make you glad;
Too much of the creature will make you mad;
If you take it in reaſon 'twill make you wiſe;
If you drink it to excels 'twill cloſe up your eyes;
Yet Father and Mother,
And ſiſter and brother,
They all love a ſup in their turn.

Some Preachers will tell you to drink is bad,
I think ſo too—if there's none to be had:
The Swadler will bid you drink none at all,
But while I can get it, a fig for them all,
Both Layman and Brother,
In ſpite of this pother,
Will all take a ſup in their turn.

Some Doctors will tell ye 'twill hurt your health,
And Juſtice will ſay, 'twill reduce your wealth,
Phyſicians and Lawyers will all agree,
When your money's all gone, they can get no fee;
Yet Surgeon and Doctor,
And Lawyer and Proctor,
Will all take a ſup in their turn.

The Turks, who arriv'd from the Port Sublime,
They told us that drinking was held a great crime;
Yet after their dinner, away they ſlunk,
And tippled their wine, 'till they got quite drunk.
The Sultan and Crommet,
And even Mahomet,
They all take a ſup in their turn.

The Quakers will bid you from drink abſtain,
By yea, and by nay, 'tis a fault in the vain;
Yet ſome of the broadbrims will get to the ſtuff,
And tipple away till they've tippled enough.
For Stiff-rump and Steady,
And Solomon's Lady,
Would all take a ſup in their turn.

The Germans will ſay they can drink the moſt,
The French and Italians will alſo boaſt,

Hibernia's the country, for all their noiſe,
For generous drinking and hearty boys;
There each jovial fellow,
Will drink till he's mellow,
And take off his glaſs in his turn.

## IF THE TREASUR'D GOLD COULD GIVE.

IF the treaſur'd gold could give,
Man a longer term to live,
I'd employ my utmoſt care,
Still to keep and ſtill to ſpare,
And when death approach'd would ſay,
Take thy fee and walk away.

But ſince riches cannot ſave,
Mortals from the gloomy grave,
Why ſhould I myſelf deceive,
Vainly ſigh and vainly grieve,
Death will ſurely be my lot,
Whether I am rich or not.

Give me freely while I live,
Generous wines in plenty give,
Soothing joys my life to cheer,
Beauty kind and friends ſincere;
Happy could I ever find,
Friends ſincere and beauty kind.

## THE PROPHETS.

IN the firſt book of Job, which I now mean to quote,
At the fifth and ſixth verſes you'll find it thus wrote:
" So Moſes invited ſome prophets to dine,
" And drink a few bottles of gooſeberry wine."
Derry down, down, down derry, down!

Then Moſes was plac'd in the chair in a trice,
And Aaron, his crony, deputed his vice,
When the glaſs moving quick, and the wine being ſtrong,
Moſes ſwore they ſhou'dn't ſtir till they'd each ſung a ſong.

Some look'd aſkew, Sir, at firſt Moſes ſaw,
(But whate'er Moſes ſaid, why you know, Sir, was law:)
Nay he frankly declar'd, that ſhould any decline,
He would fine them a bumper of gooſeberry wine.

Little David, it ſeems, Sir, firſt was the choice,
For they very well knew he'd an excellent voice;
But he vow'd he cou'dn't ſing, they ſwore 'twas a thumper,
And poor little David was fin'd in a bumper.

Rear-Admiral Noah, who much has been ſaid of,
And his jaunt on the water, which we have all read of,
Not liking thin gooſeberry, call'd for a dram,
And then gave them the ſong which he ſung to young Ham.

*Noah's Song.—Tune, Heaving of the Lead.*

And bearing up to gain the port,
Some well-known object had in view;

An abbey tow'r, or harbour fort,
Which o'er the flood old Noah knew:
While oft the lead the ſeaman flung.
And to the watchful pilot ſung,
By the mark—ſeven.

Ezekiel roſe next, Sir, a very great ſmoaker,
But in lighting his pipe, burnt his noſe with the poker;
Being ſkilful in muſic, and proud of his voice,
With exquiſite fancy this ſong was his choice.

*Ezekiel's Song—Tune, Knibb's Pound.*

Why Moſes, why Aaron, my boys,
I am glad I have met with you here:
For Zeky, as all of you knows,
He is fond of a drop of good beer;
If you mean for to paſs all the night.
Why ſay ſuch are your purpoſe and ends.
And d—n me but we'll have a good 'bout,
For I love a good pot with my friends.

Then Solomon roſe, Sir, all in his glory,
And ſaid he had much rather tell them a ſtory;
But the cry againſt that was a great deal too ſtrong,
For they would have nothing but "Solomon's Song."

*Solomon's Song.*

I've kiſs'd and I've prattl'd with fifty fair maids;
And chang'd them as oft do you ſee;
But of all the fair damſels that dance on the green,
Dear Sheba's the queen for me.

Next Habakkuk roſe, for they took them in courſe,
But Habakkuk's cold had made Habakkuk hoarſe;
He declar'd he cou'dn't ſing, any more than the moon,
But if Moſes pleas'd he would whiſtle a tune.—Lillabullero.

Jeremiah roſe next, Sir, at Moſes' deſire,
Whom wit, Sir, nor wine, could ever inſpire;
And in ſtrains that would ſuit the commemoration,
He ſung them a verſe of his own lamentation.

*Jeremiah's Song.—Tune, Queen Mary's Lamentation.*

I ſigh and lament me in vain,
  Theſe walls can but echo my moan:
Alas! it increaſes my pain,
  When I think of the days that are gone.
Through the grates of my window I ſee
  The boys as at marbles they play;
I cry, and exclaim out, ah, me!
  I once could play better than they.

Then up roſe little Jonah, who look'd like a jelly,
For he was juſt come, Sir, from the whale's belly;
For three days and three nights was he left to deſpair,
But he'd ſing to Moſes what he ſuffer'd there.

*Jonah's Song.*

Ceaſe rude Boreas, bluſt'ring railer;
  Liſt ye landmen all to me;
Meſſmates, hear a brother ſailor
  Sing the dangers of the ſea:

In the horrid belly pent, Sir,
Think on what I ſuffer'd there;
Forc'd to keep a diſmal Lent, Sir,
And to breathe infectious air:
Nought but fiſh to feed upon, Sir,
And compell'd to eat it raw;
All my hopes were almoſt gone, Sir,
E'er I left the monſt'rous jaw.

Then Samſon roſe next, once in prowefs ſo big,
But at that time friend Samſon had juſt got his wig;
He related the tale of his dire miſhap,
How his wife ſhav'd his head as he ſlept in her lap.

*Samſon's Song.*

Oh, dear, what can the matter be,
Oh, dear, what can the matter be,
Samſon has loſt all his hair,
Oh that I e'er ſhould have taken ſo ſound a nap,
Oh that I e'er ſhould have taken it in her lap,
Oh that I had but tied on my red night cap,
Then Samſon had ne'er loſt his hair;
Oh dear what can the matter be,
Mercy on me, what can the matter be, &c. *ad libitum.*

They next call'd on Job, as a ſong was his fort,
But they begg'd, as 'twas late, that his ſong might be ſhort;
So he ſung Chevy Chace to a diſmal pſalm tune,
Which the prophets all thought would have laſted till noon.

Now Moſes it ſeems, Sir, who good hours kept,
While they ſat a ſinging, why he ſat and ſlept;
But wak'd by the noiſe, Sir, of calling encore.
He bid them get home, for they ſhould drink no more.

Well-bred Aaron, it ſeems, Sir, at this took offence,
And ſwore, want of good manners ſhew'd want of good ſenſe;
This caus'd a diſpute, ſome reflections were caſt,
But for decency's ſake we'll not mention what paſt.

## PATRICK O'NEAL.

ON April the firſt I ſet off, like a fool,
From Kilkenny to Dublin, to ſee Lawrence Tool,
My mother's third couſin, who often wrote down,
For to come and to ſee how he flouriſh'd in town.
I had ſcarce ſet a foot in the terrible place,
Before a ſpalpeen came and ſtar'd in my face—
He call'd to a preſs-gang—they came without fail,
And ſoon neck and crap carried Patrick O'Neal.

They ſcamper'd away as they thought with a prize,
Taking me for a ſailor, you ſee in diſguiſe,
But a terrible blunder they made in their ſtriſe,
For I ne'er ſaw a ſhip nor the ſea in my life.
Then ſtraight to a tender they made me repair,
But of tenderneſs, devil a morſel was there;
Och! I ramp'd and I curs'd, but it did not avail
'Till a great ſwimming caſtle met Patrick O'Neal

This big ſwinging thief roll'd about in the tide,
Wid all her front teeth ſticking faſt by her ſide;
Where they bid me to mount, and be ſure for to keep
Faſt hold with my trotters for fear I ſhould trip.
I let go my hands, and ſtuck faſt with my toes,
And (how it could happen, the Lord above knows)
Fell plump in the water, and ſplaſh'd like a whale,
Till pretty well pickled was Patrick O'Neal.

Wid a great ſwell of laughter, they hoiſted me in,
To this huge wooden-world, full of riot and din;
What ſtrings and what pullies attracted my eye,
And how large were the ſheets that were hung out to dry.
It ſeem'd Noah's ark, ſtuft with different gueſts,
Hogs, pedlars, geeſe, ſailors, and all other beaſts;
Some drank bladders of gin, ſome drank pitchers of ale,
While ſome ſat and laugh'd at poor Patrick O'Neal.

Then to go down below I expreſt a great wiſh,
Where they live under water like ſo many fiſh;
I was clapt in a meſs with ſome more of the crew,
They call'd it banyan day—ſo gave me burgoo:
For a bed I'd a ſack ſwung as high as my chin,
They call'd it a hammock, and bid me get in:
I took a great leap, but my footing was frail,
For clean over canted was Patrick O'Neal.

The devil a wink could I ſleep all the night,
And awoke the next morn in a terrible fright;
Up hammocks—down cheſts—they began for to bawl,
Here's a Frenchman in ſight—ſure! ſays I—is that all?

Then we haul'd up our large window ſhutters with ſpeed,
And run out our bull dogs of true Engliſh breed;
While the creatures gave mouth I held faſt by the tail,
And they kick'd and run over poor Patrick O'Neal.

Thus we rattled away, by my ſoul, hob a nob,
Till the Frenchman gave out as he thought a bad job,
To tie him behind, a large cord they did bring,
And we led him along like a pig in a ſtring,
Then home to Old England we dragg'd the French boy,
Och! the ſight of the land made me ſea-ſick for joy;
They made up a peace, and the war growing ſtale,
Set all hands adrift with poor Patrick O'Neal.

So, ye ſee, on dry land, a ſafe courſe I can ſteer,
Neither cat-head, nor cat-block, nor any cat fear;
While there's a ſhot in the locker, I'll ſing I'll be bound,
And Saturday night ſhall laſt all the week round.
But ſince king and country now call us amain,
By the piper of Leinſter I'll venture again,
Make another dry voyage—bring home a freſh tale,
And you'll laugh till you cry at poor Patrick O'Neal.

## TOM CARELESS.

TOM CARELESS was odd, like a genius, ſome ſaid,
And his heart, to ſpeak truth, was as odd as his head;
For he ſlighted all maxims to ſerve his own ends,
And he had but one purpoſe—a zeal for his friends;
His motto was this, in whatever you do,
'Perſiſt in the right and you're ſure to come through.'

In life 'twas his fortune, alas! to take part,
In ſorrows that wore, and that wounded the heart,
To himſelf, like a miſer, he kept all his grief;
His philoſophy, ſilence, that ſlighted relief;
When danger oppos'd him he ſtill kept in view
His old motto—'perſiſt and you're ſure to come through.'

Men complain of the ſex, but ſo ſtrange was his mind,
Treat them well, he would ſay, and they're ſure to be kind:
When he heard of bad people, this whimſical elf,
Had a ſtrange way of thinking all good but himſelf:
The world gave him talents he thought were not true,
His empire was temper, and there he came through.

Of foes, while he liv'd, he would reckon on none,
When he died all exclaim'd, 'that good nature was gone;'
Tom Careleſs had converſe which ſorrow beguil'd,
For he talk'd like a man with the heart of a child;
And to his laſt moments this point kept in view,
'Perſiſt in the right and you're ſure to come through.'

## THE IRISH PEDLAR.

'TIS I am a jolly brisk Pedlar,
That never yet fawn'd to the great;
In politics I am no medler,
I care not who govern the state.
With my diderum doodle,
Tregidy, negidy, nogidy, mum,
And my goosterum foodle,
Fegidy, higidy, hogidy, rum.

Some folks fight the one 'gainst the other,
They scramble and make a great rout,
But what is the end of their pother,
'Tis nought but the in and the out.
With their diderum, &c.

My treasury hangs here before me,
No rival to pluck or to pull,
When empty I never deplore me,
For then my exchequer is full.
With my diderum, &c.

I've ribands of ev'ry deſcription,
Of ev'ry fine colour and hue;
Come raiſe me a little ſubſcription,
And you ſhall have red, green, and blue.
Beſides diderum, &c.

Do you want any waſh-balls or patches,
Dear ladies, pray, buy them of me;
Or trinkets to hang at your watches,
Or garters to wear at your knee.
With your diderum, &c.

Then haſte to the Pedlar my laſſes,
And chuſe ev'ry one to your mind;
My ſtore-box all ſtore-box ſurpaſſes,
Come try me, and ſo you ſhall find.
With my diderum, &c.

## THE POOR BLACK BOY.

YOU care of money, ah! care no more,
No tink if you be rich or poor,
My mind employ me, ſtay wid you,
No ſorry no.
And where away my Maſſa go,
Go poor black boy.

You good to me dat keepy here,
No Maſſa dat you never fear,
Long time deſtroy me know death kill,
But leave one part,
He never kill the loving heart
Of poor black boy.

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## SOMEBODY.

WERE I oblig'd to beg my bread,
And had no where to lay my head,
I'd creep where yonder flocks do feed,
And ſteal I look at ſomebody.
My own dear ſomebody,
My own dear ſomebody.

When I'm laid low, and am at reſt,
And may be number'd with the bleſt,
Then ſhall thy artleſs feeling breaſt,
Throb with regard for ſomebody.
Ah! will you drop one pitying tear,
And ſigh for the loſt ſomebody.

But ſhould I ever live to ſee,
That form ſo much admir'd by me,

Then would my conſtancy reward,
And make me bleſt with ſomebody.
Then ſhall my tears be dried by thee,
And I'll be bleſt with ſomebody.

## A SHEPHERD ONCE HAD LOST HIS LOVE.

A Shepherd once had loſt his love;
Fal lal lal la ral de ral de ra.
And as he ſought her in the grove;
Fal, lal, lal, &c.
And as he ſought her in the grove,
Where ſhe ſlept faſt as he did ſtray,
A little bird ſung from a ſpray;
Fal, lal, lal, &c.

In vain this bird did ſtrain her throat;
Fal, lal, lal, &c.
In vain ſhe varied oft her note;
Fal, lal, lal, &c.
In vain ſhe varied oft her note;
The fooliſh ſhepherd wander'd on,
The fair one roſe and ſoon was gone.
Fal, lal, lal, &c.

At laſt the bird did to him ſay;
Fal, lal, lal, &c.
If you will not when you may,
Fal, lal, lal, &c.
If you will not when you may,
Oh when you will you ſhall have nay;
The little bird then flew away.
Fal, lal, lal, &c.

## LONDON CRIES.

WHEN I to London firſt came in,
How I began to gape and ſtare!
The cries, they kept up ſuch a din—
"Freſh lobſters—duſt—and wooden ware!"
A damſel, lovely and black-ey'd,
Tript thro' the ſtreets, and ſweetly cry'd—
"Buy my live ſprats—buy my live ſprats."
A youth on t'other ſide the way,
With hoarſer lungs did echoing ſay—
"Buy my live ſprats!"

Full ſhrilly cry'd the chimney ſweep;
The fruitreſs fair, cry'd—"round and ſound;"
The Jew would down the æra peep,
To look for cuſtom under ground;

His bag o'er his ſhoulder flung,
And to the footman ſweetly ſung—
" Cloaſhes to ſell—Cloaſhes!
" Round and ſound—ſweep."
Young ſoot cry'd, " ſweep!" in accents true;
The barrow-lady and the Jew——
" Round and ſound—Cloaſhes."

A noiſe at ev'ry turn you'll find—
" Ground ivy, rabbit ſkins to ſell;
" Great news from France! and knives to grind,
" Matts, muffins, milk, and mackerel!"
And when theſe motley noiſes die,
In various tones the watchmen cry—
" By the clock—twelve!
" Paſt twelve o'clock!"
Then home to bed the ſhopmen creep,
And all the night are kept from ſleep,
With—" Paſt—*humph*—o'clock!"

## HOME's HOME.

I'VE thought and I've ſaid it, ſince I were a boy,
That what folks get at eaſy, they never enjoy!
Why I was the ſame: at what's homely I'd ſcoff,
But how fine, if it com'd a good many miles off!

So big with this fancy, though but a poor clown,
I hied me away for to ſee the great town,
Where they puſh'd me, and throng'd me, all one as a fair;
Then they'd titter, and ſnigger, and laugh; then I'd ſwear!

Why, bumpkin, did'ſt e'er ſee ſuch fin'ry as this, in your place?
Cry'd a monkey, in trouſers. Why yes!
You'd your joke, maſter coxcomb, and now I'll have mine:
I've ſeen peacocks and goldfinches, ten times as fine!

So I left maſter Whiſle, and whiſtled along,
Then humm'd to myſelf the fag end of a ſong,
The good that we wiſh'd for, mayn't match what we've got;
Their minds are their kingdom, who're pleas'd with their lot.

And to whatever place diſcontented folks roam,
At laſt they'll be forc'd to ſay this of their home—
Our friends are as true, and our wives are as comely;
And damn it, home's home, be it ever ſo homely!

So, ſince for ſtrange ſights, I to town took my range,
Faith, I zeed ſights in plenty, and all of them ſtrange;
I zeed folks roll in riches that pleaſure ne'er knew;
I zeed honeſt poverty, rich as a Jew.

Time and oft, dreſs'd lamb faſhion, I zeed an old ewe?
I zeed madam's monkey, as ſmart as her beau,
I zeed beauty and virtue, that never knew ſhame;
And I zeed vice careſs'd under modeſty's name;

I zeed a fine head-dreſs, worth more than the head;
I zeed folks with their brains out before they were dead;
I zeed rogues, of their knavery, making their brags;
And I zeed fools in coaches, and merit in rags;

And ſtill through the crowd, as I whiſtled along,
I humm'd to myſelf, &c.

But what zickened me moſt, was, one day in the Park,
As the guns were all firing, a queer looking ſpark,
Cry'd, what nonſenſe and ſtuff, with their fuſs and parade!
Stuff and nonſenſe, ſaid I; oh! what's that you ſaid?

Why, they fire for a victory, and you have your choice
To go home, or with all honeſt ſubjects rejoice.
Mighty well, cry'd my ſpark, but a word in your ear—
The affairs of the nation are curſedly queer!

Nay, 'tis true we're done up, 'twill be ſeen by and by!—
How much did they give you to catch me, ſaid I.
The country's a good one, all good men perceive it,
And they that don't like it, why dom't! let 'em leave it.

So I left my queer ſpark, and went whiſtling along;
Then I humm'd to myſelf, &c.

## JACK JUNK.

'TWAS one day at Wapping, his dangers o'erhauling,
Jack Junk cock'd his jemmy, and broach'd a full cann;
While a poſſee of neighbours, of each different calling,
Cry'd—only but hear, what a marvellous man!
Avaſt! cry'd out Jack, what's there marvellous in it:
When his time's come the ſtouteſt of hearts muſt comply:
(Why now you, maſter Tallow-chandler, by way of throwing a little light on the ſubject—don't you think 'tis better to be extinguiſhed, when one's fighting in defence of one's king and country, than to ſtay at home lingering, and go out like the ſnuff of a candle?)—
Then like men do your duty; we all have our minute;
And at ſea or aſhore, we ſhall live till we die.
Huzza, boys!
Let's live till we die.

Why now you, maſter Plumber, that marvels at billows!
I ſhall founder at ſea, and you'll die in your bed;
What of that? ſome have ſods, and ſome waves for their pillows;
And 'tis likely enough we may both die of lead!
And as for the odds, all the difference that's in it,
I ſhall pop off at once, and you'll lingering lie:
(Why, ſmite my crooked timbers, who knows but maſter Snip there, may ſlip his cable, and break his back, with taking the ninth part of a fall off the ſhopboard into his own hell?)—
Then like men, &c.

As for you, maſter Bricklayer, to make out your calling,
A little like mine, a'nt a matter that's hard;
Pray, mayn't you, from a ladder or ſcaffold be falling,
As eaſy as I, from a ratling or yard?
Then for you its commiſſion a tile may bring in it,
As ſoon as a ſhot or a ſplinter for I:
(As for maſter Doctor, the Undertaker, and Sexton, they don't want no wipe from me; they ſends too many folks contented to their long home—not to know how to go there contentedly themſelves.)—
Then like men, &c.

And when Captain Death comes, the reck'ning to ſettle,
You may clear-ſhip for action, as much as you like,
And behave like a man, but he'as ſuch weight of metal,
At the very firſt broadſide the braveſt muſt ſtrike:
And when you have ſaid all you can, what's there in it?
Who, to ſcud 'gainſt a ſtorm, but a lubber would try?
(For as to qualms of conſcience, cheating cuſtomers, betraying friends, and ſuch like, being a ſet of honeſt tradeſmen, I dare ſay you are perfectly eaſy about theſe ſort of things.)—
Then like men, &c.

## CALEDONIA.

THEIR groves o' ſweet myrtles let foreign lands reckon,
Where bright-beaming ſummers exalt the perfume;
Far dearer to me yon lone glen o' green breckan,
With the burn ſtealing under the lang yellow broom.

Far dearer to me yon humble broom bowers,
Where the blue bell and gowan lurk lowly unſeen;
For there, lightly tripping amang the wild flowers,
A liſt'ning the linnet, aft wanders my Jean.

Tho' rich is the breeze, in their gay ſunny vallies,
And cauld Caledonia's blaſt on the wave;
Their ſweet-ſcented woodlands that ſkirt the proud palace,
What are they?—the haunt o' the tyrant and ſlave?

The ſlave's ſpicy foreſts, and gold bubbling fountains,
The brave Caledonian views wi' diſdain;
He wanders as free as the wind on his mountains,
Save love's willing fetters—the chains of his Jean.

## THE BOTTLE.

OUR bottle, brave boys, is the life-ſpring of pleaſure,
It ſpirit and glee can impart;
Drown deep-thinking care, bid joy ſport without meaſure,
And happineſs play round the heart;
Then join, boon companions, and ſwell the gay ſtrain,
A life of delight 'twill prolong:
*Tempus fugit*—then bribe him again and again,
With a bottle, a toaſt, and a ſong.

Full bumpers the dulleſt of drones will make merry,
Then let us of wine take our fill,
The blood of the grape, and the juice of the berry,
O'erflowing, ſhall rapture diſtil;

With friends, love, and wine, the hours merrily paſs;
Here's a health to the nymph we adore;
Zooks! puſh round the jorum, and poiſe high your glaſs,
This is life, boys, encore and encore.

## THE LULLABY.

PEACEFUL ſlumb'ring on the ocean,
Seamen fear no danger nigh,
The winds and waves in gentle motion,
Soothe them with their lullaby.
Lullaby, lullaby, lullaby, lullaby,
Soothe them with their lullaby.

Is the wind tempeſtuous blowing,
Still no danger they deſcry,
The guileleſs heart its boon beſtowing,
Soothes them with their lullaby.
Lullaby, lullaby, lullaby, lullaby,
Soothes them with its lullaby.

## O WAT YE WHA'S IN YON TOWN.

O WAT ye wha's in yon town,
Ye ſee the e'ening ſun upon?
The deareſt maid's in yon town,
That e'ening ſun is ſhining on.

Now, haply, down yon gay green ſhaw,
She wanders by yon ſpreading tree,
How bleſt ye flow'rs that round her blaw!
Ye catch the glances o' her e'e.

How bleſt ye birds that round her ſing,
And wanton in the blooming year:
But doubly welcome be the ſpring,
The ſeaſon to my Jeanie dear.

The ſun blinks blithe on yon town,
Amang the broomy braes ſae green,
But my delight in yon town,
And deareſt pleaſure, is my Jean.

Without my fair not a' the charms
O' paradiſe could yield me joy;
But gie me Annie in my arms,
And welcome Lapland's dreary ſky.

My cave would be a lover's bower,
Though raging winter rent the air,
And ſhe a lovely little flower,
That I would tent and ſhelter there.

O ſweet is ſhe in yon town
The ſinking ſun's gaun down upon;
The deareſt maid's in yon town
His ſetting beam e'er ſhone upon.

If angry fate be ſworn my foe,
And ſuff'ring I am doom'd to bear,
I'd careleſs quit ought elſe below:
But ſpare, oh! ſpare my Jeanie dear.

For while life's deareſt blood runs warm,
My thoughts frae her ſhall ne'er depart;
For as moſt lovely is her form,
She has the trueſt, kindeſt heart.

---

SONG——BURNS.

I GAED a waefu' gaet yeſtreen,
A gaet, I fear, I'll dearly rue;
I gat my death frae twa ſweet een,
Twa lovely een o' bonny blue.
'Twas not her golden ringlets bright,
Her lips like roſes wet wi' dew,
Her heaving boſom lily white,
It was her een ſo bonny blue.

She talk'd, ſhe ſmil'd, my heart ſhe wyld,
She charm'd my ſoul I wat na how,
And ay the ſtound, the deadly wound,
Cam frae her een ſae bonny blue.

But ſpare I'd ſpeek, and ſpare I'd ſpeed;
She'll ablens liſten to my vow,
Shou'd ſhe refuſe I'll lay my deed,
To her twa een of bonny blue.

## JENNY DANG THE WEAVER.

AT Willy's wedding on the green,
The laſſies, bonny witches,
Were a' dreſt out in aprons clean,
And bra white Sunday mutches.
Auld Maggy baud the lads take tent,
But Jock would not believe her,
But ſoon the fool his folly kent,
For Jenny dang the weaver.
Jenny dang, &c.

At ilka country dance or reel,
Wi' her he wou'd be bobbing,
When ſhe ſat down, he ſat down,
And to her wou'd be gabbing.
Where'er ſhe gaed baith but and ben,
The cuif wad never leave her,
Ay keckling like a clocking hen,
But Jenny dang the weaver.
Jenny Dang, &c.

Quo he, my laſs, to ſpeak my mind,
In troth I need na ſwither,
Your bonny e'en, and if your kind
Iſe never ſeek anither.
He hum'd and haud, the laſs cry'd peugh,
And baud the cuif no deave her,
Syne ſnapt her fingers, lap and leugh,
And dang the ſilly weaver.
And Jenny dang, dang, dang,
Jenny dang the weaver,
Syne ſnapt her fingers, lap and leugh;
And dang the ſilly weaver.

## DEAR LITTLE COTTAGE MAIDEN.

FROM place to place I travers'd long,
Devoid of care or ſorrow;
With lightſome heart, and merry ſong,
I thought not of to-morrow;
But when Priſcilla caught my eye,
With every charm array'd in,
I ſigh'd and ſung, I knew not why,
Dear little Cottage Maiden.

And wou'd the charmer be but mine,
Sweet nymph, I ſo revere thee,
I'd gladly ſhare my fate with thine,
And evermore be near thee:
Though gold may pleaſe the proud and great,
My heart with love is laden;
Then let us join in wedlock's ſtate,
Dear little Cottage Maiden.

O'er me and mine, come miſtreſs prove,
And then what ill can harm us?
Kind Hymen will each fear remove,
And ſpread each ſweet to charm us:
Together we will live content,
And nought but love will trade in;
So ſweetly ſhall our lives be ſpent,
Dear little Cottage Maiden.

## RULE BRITANNIA.

WHEN Britain firſt at Heav'ns command,
Aroſe from out the azure main,
This was the charter, the charter of the land,
And guardian angels ſung this ſtrain:

CHORUS.

Rule, Britannia, Britannia rules the waves,
For Britons never will be ſla[illegible].

The nations, not ſo bleſt as thee,
Muſt in their turns, to tyrants fall,
Whilſt thou ſhalt flouriſh, ſhalt flouriſh great and free,
The dread and envy of them all.

Still more majeſtic ſhalt thou riſe;
More dreadful from each foreign ſtroke,
As the loud blaſt that tears the ſkies,
Serves but to root thy native oak.

Thee haughty tyrants ne'er ſhall tame;
All their attempts to bend thee down,
Will but arouſe, arouſe thy gen'rous flame,
And work their woe, and thy renown.

To thee belong the rural reign,
Thy cities ſhall with commerce ſhine,
All thine ſhall be, ſhall be the ſubject main,
And ev'ry ſhore it circles thine.

The muſes ſtill with freedom found,
Shall to thy happy coaſt repair, [crown'd,
Bleſs'd iſle! with beauties, with matchleſs beauties
And manly hearts to guide the fair.

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FINIS.

18 57 SEP

Oh had the malt thy
strength of mind
Or hops the flavour of thy
wit
Twere drink for birth of
human kind
A precaent even for heav
ly